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# Daily Mirror

A Perfect  
Camera  
for 3/9.

See page 2.

No. 221.

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TUESDAY, JULY 19, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

## IS FLORENCE MAYBRICK GUILTY? STORY OF THE BRIERLEY INTRIGUE.

Mrs. Maybrick's Foolish Confidences—Her Dislike for Her Husband—James Maybrick's Passion for Drugs—His Infidelities—Moving Spirit in the Intrigue.

### FOR NEW READERS.

In previous articles we have shown why the public mind was not thoroughly convinced of Florence Maybrick's guilt.

Lord Russell of Killowen maintained to the day of his death that a free pardon ought to be granted to her because the verdict was against the weight of evidence.

A steady agitation for her release has been maintained in America.

The romantic circumstances under which she met, nursed, and married James Maybrick are detailed in the first article.

In the second her life in Liverpool is described—a life of pleasure slightly tempered by business.

James Maybrick was an ardent race-goer, and Mrs. Maybrick frequently accompanied him to the course.

He put a considerable strain on his constitution, frequently consulted doctors, and stimulated his flagging energies by means of drugs.

He took from two to five pick-me-ups in the course of a day.

His manner of life and some unkindnesses alienated the affection of his wife.

She fell in love with Alfred Brierley and visited London in his company.

Her conduct with him at the Grand National caused Mr. Maybrick to complain and to assault her.

She desired a separation, but the quarrel was patched up through the intervention of Dr. Hopper.

She threatened to make things "heavy and hot" for James, and told Dr. Hopper that she could not bear him to come near her.

### THIRD INSTALMENT.

James Maybrick was repugnant to his wife. As Dr. Hopper, their common friend, put it at the trial, "She said she had a strong feeling against her husband, and could not bear him to come near her."

We have already seen that she said something to this effect to her husband himself at the reconciliation. It was at James Maybrick's request that Dr. Hopper used his good offices.

How had this state of affairs come about?

It will be remembered that after the Grand National Mrs. Maybrick promised to make things "hot and heavy" for James for having reproved her in public. She always was a woman who had a good deal to say for herself, and was not likely to take such an affront lying down.

A woman will stand much from a man she loves, even in public; but if she does not love him she loses all sense of reticence. This is true even of women who have been educated according to the strictest conventions. They do not exactly scream their grievances from the roof, but they make voluminous and unwise confidences, very often to men who know how to listen with an expression of sympathy.

In nine cases out of ten they do not want sympathy. They give themselves as much of their own as can be crammed into one angry bosom. They merely want to blow off steam.

### "BLOWING OFF STEAM."

Mrs. Maybrick was blowing off steam in her foolish confidences to Mrs. Briggs and Mrs. Samuelson. Probably she would have blown off steam to anyone else who happened to be handy. It is as certain as anything can be that she had no intention of leaving her husband before he struck her. She only expressed a thought of leaving him after an assault had been added to an affront.

The unexpected tact of the servant in reminding her of the child changed her determination, but she brooded and brooded. On the next day she became voluble to Dr. Hopper; but again she yielded to reason.

She would scarcely have done so had her determination been of long standing.

(Continued on page 12.)



Mrs. Maybrick declaring her innocence to the Court during her trial at Liverpool in 1889.



TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

## AMUSEMENTS.

**HAYMARKET.** **TO-NIGHT at 9.**  
**LADY FLIRT.**  
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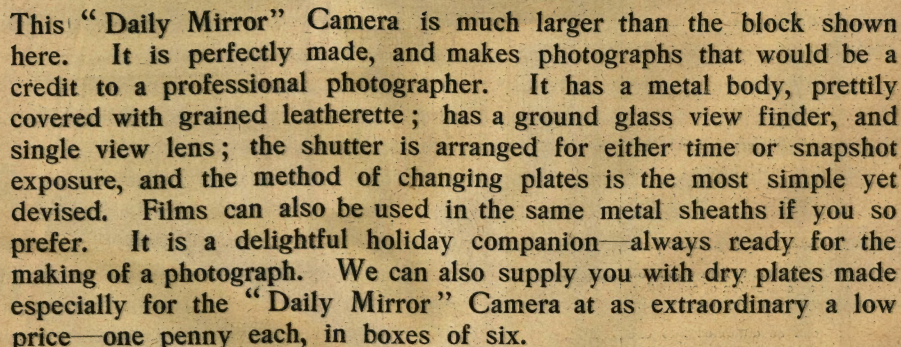
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## HEROIC GREEK GIRL

Saves Her Brother from  
Death in an Alpine  
Crevasse.

### AN AWFUL ORDEAL.

Fallen Man Held Suspended for  
Thirteen Hours.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

GENEVA, Monday.

The heroic records of Ancient Greece contain no tale of bravery or endurance more worthy of remembrance than the act of a modern Grecian maiden—Mlle. Hadjilazaro.

On Saturday M. Hadjilazaro, a member of the Genevan section of the Alpine Club, set out with his two sisters from Zinal for the mountains. Relying upon his experience as a climber, and great knowledge of that part of the range, he did not take a guide.

For five or six hours all went well with the intrepid three. Roped together they successfully scaled the Grand Cornier. The last difficult piece of climbing did not deter them. They felt sure of themselves. The girls were innocent of thought of danger, so completely did they rely upon their brother, who was first on the rope.

### SLIP TOWARDS DEATH.

They looked forward to the descent of the Glacier de Moiry. It is not regarded as difficult, but all glaciers have one spice of danger—a concealed crevasse. At the height of 13,000 feet, or less, they had some hours of mountaineering before they were down again at Zinal.

M. Hadjilazaro, anxious for his sisters' safety, and feeling the heavy responsibility upon him, took extra care, but he lacked that instinct which guides have. He could not be quite sure.

Suddenly he called a halt, and bade the girls look out. He feared a concealed crevasse. He bent forward to test the foothold. Scarcely was he on his hands and knees before the treacherous snow gave way beneath him. His sister, next on the rope, had but a few seconds to think and act. Her nerve never left her. Swinging, partly pulled by his fall, over the crevasse, she braced herself with one leg on either side and bore her brother's weight upon her hips.

What could be done?

M. Hadjilazaro called that he could not climb up. He did not even try, lest his sister's strength should give out as he tugged at her in the effort.

Rapidly the sisters made up their minds. The one at the end of the rope untied herself and went off to Zinal alone for help.

### AN AWFUL VIGIL.

Would she get there safely? The brother in danger, the sister supporting him upon her hips as she stood astride the crevasse in an attitude only a woman could have kept for long, did not know. As the minutes one by one made way for the other, and long hours into hours, the noble girl felt as though the strain would send her mad. The rope cut into her hips, and the pain was excruciating.

Her brother tried to ease her by cutting steps in the side of the crevasse, and holding on to them. But he dare not attempt to climb. A slip would mean death for both in the depths. As he looked and called encouraging words to her the icy cold water fell drop by drop on to his forehead, in imitation of the greatest torture known to the Spanish Inquisition. To add to the horror, darkness came down on the mountain.

### HELP AT LAST.

For twelve awful hours they held out. Then, when they felt that human nature could withstand the awful strain no longer, a welcome cry rang out. Lights shone over the glacier. Their sister had brought help.

So as not to alarm the rest of the family she had descended by the Col de l'Allee, and arrived at the village in two hours and a half, at 8.30 in the evening.

Frantically she sought guides. But things are slow at Zinal. It was hours before she could collect the five men she needed, with lanterns and Alpine life-saving apparatus.

Not till seven in the morning—and she started for succor at six the night before—did the rescue party reach the courageous girl and release her from her trying ordeal.

### ENGAGED COUPLE KILLED.

CHAMONIX, Monday.

A Besancon merchant, aged twenty-eight, named Miot, his betrothed, Marie Poesches, twenty years old, and her sister, only fifteen years of age, were crossing the Argentiere Glacier to-day when a water-pocket burst, and the whole party were hurled against the rocks by the rush of water and the debris carried with it with such violence that Miot and his betrothed were killed and the young girl was seriously injured.—Reuter.

## HIGH-HANDED RUSSIA.

Seizure of Mails Causes Indignation in England and Germany.

Having made a rather indifferent show at capturing the ships of the enemy, the Russian fleet is making a practice at stopping the ships of neutral Powers, and reading their letters. The Red Sea is the scene of this diversion.

The British steamship Persia was forcibly detained there for one hour by the Russian Volunteer steamer Smoleusk. Two bags of mails for Nagasaki were confiscated.

The Smoleusk has been taking a principal part in these bullying operations.

The matter came up in the House of Commons yesterday, when General Laurie asked the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs a long question about the legality of it.

Earl Percy begged to be allowed to postpone his reply, as the subject was engaging the earnest attention of His Majesty's Government, being of the utmost importance.

### STRAINING OF RIGHT OF SEARCH.

For the seizure of thirty-one sacks of letters and twenty-four boxes of parcels on board the German steamer Prince Heinrich, the Smoleusk is anatomised all over the Fatherland. Professors of international law in Berlin point out the monstrous iniquity of such doings by the Smoleusk to vessels that carry a neutral flag and are not in the pay of the enemy.

So far several British and German ships have been stopped by the inquisitive Russians, while the detained crews have ground their teeth at the insult.

The seizing of mails is a straining of the belligerent right of search, which has always been strongly resented.

### BATTLE IN A FOG.

Desperate Russian Attack Repulsed at Motienling.

For the second time the Russians have taken the initiative in attacking General Kuropki's troops in the Motienling Pass. This position threatens the Russians at Liao-yang and Mukden, and will probably be the scene of further severe fighting within the next few days.

The attack was made under cover of a thick fog. The Japanese made a stubborn resistance and repulsed the enemy on all sides.

There is no news from Port Arthur, but a message from Chifu says the belief is growing that the final assault will be made this week.

Field-Marshal Oyama is said to have landed with 20,000 troops at Dalny last week, and will take personal command in the attack on the fortress.

At Pigeon Bay, to the west of Port Arthur, 30,000 Japanese were landed last week, and as the steamer conveying the Navy Department's guests has reached the Japanese naval base, it would appear that the time for striking the decisive blow has arrived.

There was an absurd rumour cabled from Chifu to America on Sunday to the effect that Admiral Togo is dead.

### "C-B-S" VOTE OF CENSURE.

Mr. Balfour could not definitely fix a day for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to move his proposed vote of censure arising out of the latest development of the fiscal question, when the leader of the Opposition raised the question in the House of Commons yesterday. If the Committee stage of the Budget Bill were reached last night Thursday could be taken, but, if not, the vote of censure would have to be put off till the first week of August.

The motion to be brought forward complains that certain members of the Government have accepted official position in a political organisation (the Liberal Unionist Council), which has formally declared its adherence to a policy of preferential treaties involving the taxation of food.

### NO FIGHT AT MANCHESTER.

Sir William Houldsworth, M.P., has not, as was stated yesterday, resigned his seat for North-West Manchester, for which Mr. Winston Churchill is free trade candidate.

The hon. baronet's retirement does not take effect until the dissolution of Parliament.

### TOBACCO TRADE'S VICTORY.

Trade interests in tobacco have proved too strong for even the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

He will not entirely abandon his tax of three-pence extra on stripped tobacco, but he has compounded with his critics by reducing the impost to three-halfpence.

On the new proposal, which he intimated in the House of Commons yesterday, the net gain from changes in tobacco duty will be £350,000 instead of £350,000 as anticipated.

Captain Panajiotovics, who was on guard at the Serbian Royal Palace when King Alexander and Queen Draga were assassinated, died yesterday of the wounds inflicted by the renegades.

## WIRELESS WIRES.

Government to Control the Operation of the System.

A most important measure is the short Bill which was introduced in the House of Commons yesterday by Lord Stanley, Postmaster-General, to deal with wireless telegraphy.

It is understood that while no Government monopoly will be created, two important matters will be provided for.

Power will be given to deal with wireless telegraphy first, to insure that in time of national danger the Government will be in a position to control all wireless telegraphs of assistance to themselves, and to prevent their being of assistance to the enemy.

In the second place, the Bill is designed to prevent rival companies ruining the efficiency of each other's systems.

It is stated that the Post Office has adopted an apparatus, invented by a member of the Institute of Electrical Engineers, by which the present interference with messages in transit is likely to be overcome.

## GOOD-NATURED PRINCE.

Helps a Wagoner Out of His Difficultly.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

—BERLIN, Sunday.

Two incidents, characteristic of the German Crown Prince's good nature, are given wide circulation in Berlin papers.

The other day the Crown Prince, who is a captain of the Guards, was out with his company near Guetergoetz, when he observed a heavily laden wagon stuck in the sand. Seeing that the horses were unable to move the wagon he at once ordered his soldiers to help the driver. His Highness himself even put his shoulder to the wheel, and helped to extricate the heavy vehicle, joking pleasantly all the while.

The other incident occurred in the streets of Potsdam last night, when the Crown Prince was on horseback. Suddenly a handsome young woman with a child in her arms jumped from a carriage and almost threw herself before His Highness's mount. The Crown Prince stopped, and the lady handed him a paper.

The Crown Prince promised that the matter on which she sought his help should be investigated at once.

## OUR TIBETAN POLICY.

The advance on Lhasa has begun, the Tibetans having failed to send a competent negotiator, and the Chinese Government are kept duly advised of the action of His Majesty's Government in the matter, said Mr. Brodrick in reply to questions in the House of Commons yesterday.

With a view to prevent any misunderstanding, the Russian Government was informed on June 7 that His Majesty's Government still adhered to the policy laid down in the telegram to the Government of India of November 6, 1903, but that it was obvious that the action must depend to some extent on the conduct of the Tibetans themselves. His Majesty's Government stated, however, that so long as no other Power endeavoured to intervene in the affairs of Tibet they would not attempt either to annex it, establish a protectorate over it, or control its internal administration.

## MURDERED ON A PROMENADE.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.

The assassination of M. Andreieff, the Vice-Governor of Elizabetpol, was committed on a promenade upon which a concert is held, and attracts a large number of people.

When the Vice-Governor was hit by the first bullet he sank to the ground. He was then wounded by five more shots, and succumbed immediately.

The assassin, who is supposed to be an Armenian, fled, reloading his revolver as he ran. He was pursued, but succeeded in escaping.—Reuter.

## MR. KRUGER'S BURIAL PLACE.

There yet remains uncertainty as to the final resting place of the remains of Mr. Kruger.

On Sunday a cable from Pretoria stated specifically that Lord Milner had given his consent to the funeral taking place there.

Yesterday, however, Mr. Balfour, in reply to a question in the House of Commons, stated that no request of the kind had been received from Mr. Kruger's family.

But Sunday added that if it had been received the Government would have done their best to give effect to it.

## MR. H. CAMPBELL'S CONDITION.

Last night Mr. Herbert Campbell, the famous comedian, was in a very critical condition. He had a relapse in the morning, and last evening but slight hope was held out for his recovery.

## HEAT WAVE VICTIMS.

Deaths from Sunstroke and Apoplexy Increase Daily.

### RUSH TO THE BATHS.

MAXIMUM TEMPERATURE YESTERDAY.

Sun.	Shade.
123deg.	76deg.

Better weather conditions prevailed yesterday, owing to the cool and pleasant breeze which blew throughout the day. It will be noticed, however, that although the maximum shade temperature was nine degrees lower than that of Sunday, the solar temperature was but one degree less.

Throughout the past week the temperature in the sun has been consistently high, as the following table will show:—

Tuesday	123deg.	Saturday	124deg.
Wednesday <th>124deg.</th> <td>Sunday <th>124deg.</th> </td>	124deg.	Sunday <th>124deg.</th>	124deg.
Thursday <th>126deg.</th> <td>Yesterday <th>123deg.</th> </td>	126deg.	Yesterday <th>123deg.</th>	123deg.
Friday <th>126deg.</th> <td> <th>123deg.</th> </td>	126deg.	<th>123deg.</th>	123deg.

For to-day much lighter breezes are predicted by the Meteorological Office, with a continuance of the fine, warm weather which has remained unbroken during the past fortnight.

Although it has been exceptionally warm, when compared with the July weather of the past two years, the temperatures attained in Paris during the past week have not yet been approached here.

The latest weather reports from the Continent indicate that no cessation of the intense heat is likely to take place immediately, but point rather to an extension of its area, so as to embrace these islands.

### HURRYING ON HOLIDAYS.

The exceptionally fine weather has had the effect of hastening holiday preparations among Londoners. Inquiries at the various railway stations show that the holiday traffic yesterday was exceptionally heavy, the exodus having set in earlier this year than is usual.

The heat has also caused the swimming baths in London to be patronised to an extent that is quite without precedent.

Unfortunately, statistics are not obtainable in many places, but at the Hackney Public Baths alone 43,663 persons have been admitted within the last three weeks.

There was a better supply of water in South London yesterday; but prudent folk in that neighbourhood now take the precaution of filling all available vessels with water while it is obtainable.

The number of suicides attributable to the heat is not in any way diminishing.

Charles Packham, a gardener of Storrington, who suffered from sunstroke about five years ago, hanged himself in a barn.

A Peckham hawkster named Green, who had complained very much of the heat, poisoned himself with spirits of salts.

### MANY MORE VICTIMS.

There are many additions to be made to the list of victims from sunstroke or heat seizure.

At Bury a man named Mathison died of suffocation, accelerated by heat.

Frank Holland, a railway guard, was found dead in a bathing machine at Hythe. The cause of death was heart failure, due to the excessive heat.

John Devlin, nineteen, also of Liverpool, who died of syncope, as a result of heat seizure, after working in a room with a glass roof.

A man named Tagg, who was overcome by the heat while working in a field near Burton-on-Trent.

William Burch, twenty-eight, of Islington, a Volunteer, who died last Thursday morning.

On Wednesday evening he had drilled with his corps in Barnsbury Park, and was heard to complain of the weight of his rifle and knapsack. Death was caused by syncope, accelerated by the hot weather.

Robert Gilling, fifty-eight, a shoeblack, of Spitalfields, who was found unconscious in his cab. Death was the result of serious apoplexy, accelerated by the heat.

Harris Dickstein, twenty-seven, a Whitechapel cabinet maker, who fell dead on Sunday exclaiming "Oh, my head."

Sarah de Young, fourteen, of Mile End, who died of sunstroke.

An unknown man, who was overcome by the heat in Hyde Park, and was found dead in the shrubbery at the east end of the Serpentine.

The week-end holiday is responsible for a lamentable list of drowning fatalities. Two of the victims were members of the permanent forces who met their death while engaged in swimming horses.

### SOLDIERS DROWNED.

One of these—Gunner Gore, of the Royal Horse Artillery—was drowned in the Repository Pond, at Woolwich. The other—Private Ritchie, of the 14th Hussars—was drowned in the Horse Pond under Caesar's Camp, at Aldershot.

Other drowning fatalities were:—David Stokes, at Barrow; Charles Baker, Mortlake; Charles Alford, Exeter; John Oakham, Fulham; Charles Biglin, Barnes; George Day, Stafford; Benjamin Green, Southend; Charles Harris, Hackney; and Ernest Playle, Rochford, Essex.



## WAS IT FOUL PLAY?

### Mystery Still Surrounds Diplomatist's Death.

#### AN OPEN VERDICT.

The death of Mr. Loomis, the American diplomatist, is still a mystery. It was stated at the inquest at Thurlstone, Bybury Bay, Devonshire, yesterday, that the wound behind his ear was sufficient to cause death, but how the wound, which was not post mortem, was caused it was impossible to say.

The jury, therefore, returned an open verdict.

Mr. Sidney Harker, county coroner, held the inquest.

It was found on the opening of the court that the body had not been examined by the surgeon, and the Coroner adjourned the court until two o'clock in order that Dr. Webb, of Kingsbridge, might make the post mortem examination.

At the resumption of the inquest Thomas Snowden, the first witness, gave evidence as to the recovery of the body at Warren Point early on Saturday morning.

A constable called by the previous witness said he searched the body and found it was a man, which had stopped at six o'clock. He also found £2 10s. in gold, two half-crowns, and some German coins. A pocket-book contained a subscription receipt from Blennerhasset Club, New York, tickets for entertainments at St. Louis Exhibition, and other papers, all bearing the name of F. K. Loomis.

#### Ring as Clue.

On a finger the constable found a massive plain gold ring, on the inside of which was engraved the name "Mildred."

Mr. Stephens, the American Consul at Plymouth, said he had seen the body and the articles found on it, and from information supplied below and behind the right ear, indicated by an extravasation of blood in the scalp and rupture of the covering of the brain in that situation.

He had received instructions from the Consul-General in London to make every inquiry, and he was told Mr. Karl Loomis was wearing a ring on the inside of which was the name "Mildred" was engraved. Deceased was acting as a special messenger for the American Government.

Dr. Webb stated that he examined the body that morning. It was in an advanced state of decomposition, and the flesh of the right hand was eaten away. There was a contused wound below and behind the right ear, indicated by an extravasation of blood in the scalp and rupture of the covering of the brain in that situation.

#### Blow Caused Before Death.

There was also a general bruise involving the scalp and integuments of the brain on the left side above the ear, which were both, in his opinion, caused before death. He might have been stunned and fallen into the water and been drowned.

It was not a sharp wound, but might have been the result of a fall. His head either struck something or something struck his head. Supposing that deceased had ascended the deck at midnight to take a breath of fresh air, and went to the unprotected space where the davits were, and he fell, that would account for it.

He died as the result of a blow, but there was nothing to indicate how the blow, which was a very heavy one, had been inflicted. The wound seemed to be in a horizontal direction. The wound was about an inch and three-quarters long, and was pear-shaped. In reply to the Consul, Dr. Webb said the blow might have caused death had deceased not fallen into the water; it was improbable that deceased would have recovered from the blow.

The coroner, in advising the jury to return an open verdict, pointed out there was no reason to suppose that Mr. Loomis wished to take his own life, or that he was the victim of foul play. There was no evidence either that death was the result of an accident.

#### KING HONOURS A HERO.

The King has conferred an annuity on Sergeant Nunneky, of the 17th Lancers, who rode with the "six hundred" in the charge of Balacava.

Standing 6ft. 2in., Nunneky, in spite of his years, retains a fine soldierly appearance. His recollection of the famous charge, exactly fifty years ago, is most vivid.

While riding in front of him a sergeant had his head blown off, but continued to ride for over thirty yards before he fell from the saddle. His own horse had a leg blown off close to the Russian guns.

He secured a stray animal belonging to the 11th Hussars, and assisted many men out of the valley.

On the night before the charge Nunneky occupied a tent with twelve other Lancers. The night after he was alone. All the others had fallen.

Mr. Charles Imm Trustad, a member of a well-known Quaker family, who died recently, has bequeathed an annuity of £400 to his daughter, "if he does not permanently reside in a convent."

## MR. GILBERT "THINKS."

### His Only Role in the "Hamlet" Burlesque To-day.

This afternoon sees at the Garrick Theatre a little performance in aid of a charity which will rank as unique in dramatic annals.

This is the performance of "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern," the burlesque of "Hamlet," which was written by Mr. W. S. Gilbert more years ago than he would like to count, and which first appeared in the pages of "Fun" amid the constant stream of "Bab Ballads."

The burlesque has been produced on several occasions, but never under present conditions, for the cast not only includes the author but several other literary notabilities.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert fills only a "thinking" part. He is to be the King Claudius whose life has been blighted by the production of a play of his own writing which had a run of one night. Captain Robert Marshall is to be the Hamlet, who Hamlet-like always wants to soliloquise.

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern (Mr. Leo Trevor and Mr. Paul Rubens) are two courtiers whose chief aim is to prevent these soliloquies at any cost. Sir F. C. Burnand will be the First Player. Mr. G. B. Shaw will for the nonce discard his morbid humour and be for one short hour a courtier.

#### Writers as "Supers."

Lady Colin Campbell as Queen Gertrude, Mrs. Madeleine Lucette Ryley as Ophelia, Miss Clor Graves as the Player Queen exhaust the principal parts, but characters of no particular importance are to be played by a galaxy of talent which includes Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mrs. Alicia Ramsay, Miss Margaret Young, Colonel Newnam Davis, Mr. Alfred Sutro, and Mr. Edward Rose.

The occasion is, of course, remarkable for the public appearance of Mr. W. S. Gilbert in any other rôle than that of plaintiff in a libel action. It is also noteworthy as a production of Shakespearean burlesque, and, finally, as a production in which well-known literary men take part.

To find anything analogous in the past one has to go back to the days when Dickens, Mark Lemon, and Tom Taylor toured together. One question will only be settled by the performance itself, and that is whether the Hamlet of Sir Henry Irving will be burlesqued.

## TROUSSEAU WORTH THOUSANDS.

### Bewildering Array of Dainty Clothing for a Millionaire Bride.

In its magnificence of detail, to-day's wedding at Westminster Abbey will almost vie with that of the Duke and Duchess of Roxburgh in New York.

Mr. Leopold Canning, son of Lord and Lady Garvagh, leads to the altar Miss Rubé, only daughter of Mr. Rubé, a South African millionaire, and a partner in the famous firm of Werner, Beit, Neumann, and Co.

The bride's trousseau is quite wonderful. There are six dozen of every article required, and as the famous Valenciennes lace has been freely used in trimming, the value of the lingerie alone must be many thousands of pounds.

Dainty breakfast gowns abound, notably one in white muslin, let in with Valenciennes lace, and another of snow-white silk. Nothing less than 19 guineas is the cost of one of these exquisite gowns.

Dozens and dozens of cobweb-like handkerchiefs are included, bordered with delicate garlands of flowers, and marked with the bride's initials, "Q. C.," for Queenie Canning. This wonderful trousseau is described in detail on page 10.

Portraits of the bride and bridegroom appear on page 9.

## "ARMY" ENTERPRISE.

### Mr. Booth-Tucker on the Boards at His Majesty's.

Earl Grey, an enthusiastic supporter of the Salvation Army, secured His Majesty's Theatre for a "special performance" yesterday afternoon.

It was a lecture by Mr. Booth-Tucker, entitled "The Landless Man on the Manless Land."

He showed he had all the qualifications of the successful lecturer, including a fund of dry humour. He gave the motto for slum work as "Soup, Soap, and Salvation."

To show the overcrowding in New York he told of a little child who had been given a text to hang on the wall. "Please, Miss," she said, "I've got no wall to hang it on. We live in the middle of a room, and the four other lodgers own the walls."

At intervals songs were sung by men and women representing homeless outcasts, who reappeared later in the army's uniform to proclaim their redemption from misery.

Verily variety is the keynote of the Salvation Army.

Fulham Borough Council has under consideration an important scheme of electric lighting extension. It is proposed to spend under the scheme £129,000 in the next five years.

## SAW HER LOVER DIE.

### Pathetic End of a British Vice-Consul.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Monday Night.

The terribly sudden death of Mr. Roger Fritz Hardinge Gage, British Vice-Consul at Rouen, has caused a deep impression both among the British colony and the French community.

He had been yachting on the Seine, in company with the young lady to whom he was engaged and several other friends. The party landed at the Pont de l'Arche for lunch, and afterwards all returned on board except Mr. Gage, who followed a few moments later in a small boat.

He had nearly reached the side of the yacht, and was preparing to step on board, when he slipped and fell into the water. He just uttered one cry for help, and sank like a stone.

A row-boat arrived on the spot two minutes afterwards and got him into the boat still alive. Hurrying him to the shore, he was taken to an hotel. Despite instant medical attention, however, he succumbed in a short time from syncope, brought about by the sudden immersion after eating.

His prospective bride, who was present when he expired, was prostrated by the sad event, and had to receive medical care.

Mr. Gage was only thirty-five years of age. His mother lives at Folkestone, and one of his brothers is a captain in the British Army.

## THE KING AT LIVERPOOL.

### Fine Cathedral of Which His Majesty Will Lay the Foundation Stone.

The new cathedral at Liverpool, the foundation-stone of which will be laid by His Majesty to-day, will be a very handsome structure.

The site is on St. James's Mount, 155 feet above the river Mersey, so that the cathedral will be a striking object from the river and all parts of the city.

The building, with the chapter house and chapel, will be of Gothic design, and will occupy a space of 20,000 square feet. The towers are to be 260 feet high, or 62 feet higher than York Minster.

When finished the cathedral will accommodate over 8,000 persons, and will have cost about £500,000.

The transepts the vaulting will be 140 feet high, the highest in the country, and the carrying of these transepts to the full height of the nave and choir will break up the length of the building, while giving to the interior an effect of cross lighting, which will be a new departure in Gothic architecture.

The designs for the new cathedral were executed by Mr. G. Gilbert Scott, a clever young architect who had his plans accepted in open competition.

Mr. Robert Gladstone is the chairman of the Building Committee, who will receive their Majesties at Liverpool to-day.

Pictures of the new building and of the architect, Mr. C. Gilbert Scott, appear on page 9.

## GALLANTRY COMMENDED.

### Officers and Soldiers Heroically Try To Save a Comrade.

The gallant conduct of an officer and three privates of the 14th Hussars in the efforts to save a comrade from drowning was the subject of comment yesterday at an inquest held at Aldershot. The dead man, a soldier named Ritchie, was kicked whilst engaged in "swimming" horses in the Horse Pond, Aldershot, and before help could reach him he sank.

Lieutenant Browne and Private Foster dived in to the rescue, but the water was so muddy that although they dived repeatedly for half an hour, they failed to find the body, only desisting when thoroughly exhausted.

The jury expressed a desire that the gallantry of Lieutenant Browne and other soldiers should be brought to the notice of the Royal Humane Society.

Through the capsizing of a boat with four people at Barnes, a labourer named Bigin was drowned, and other swimming and boating fatalities are reported from Southend, Stafford, Hackney, and Clacton.

## HANSON CAB TELESCOPED.

While George Quilter was driving his hansom cab along Piccadilly yesterday afternoon the horse suddenly bolted westwards at a terrific pace.

Before the driver could check the animal it crashed into the back of another hansom, which was instantly overturned.

A gentleman in the second cab managed to jump clear, and was unhurt, but the driver, Archibald Lawrance, sustained concussion of the brain and a dislocated shoulder. He lies in a critical condition in St. George's Hospital. Quilter escaped with slight injuries.

## WHITE SLAVES OF BLACKING.

### Work Girls on Strike at Day and Martin's.

## HARD WORK—SMALL WAGES

One of the strangest sights in London now is the wonderful crowd gathered round the gates of Messrs. Day and Martin's Blacking Factory in the Southwark Bridge-road.

It is made up of excited work girls and biased policemen. The work girls are mostly young, and are moved strangely in different ways; at one moment they are shrieking defiance, at the next they sit down in rows and sing comic songs to the accompaniment of a tambourine obligato on the crown of their straw hats.

#### No Black-legs.

Any work girl who approaches the works is instantly surrounded. She is reasoned with by half a dozen excited young women, she looks up at the big works, and her jaw sets. "Not me," she says, and the crowd cheers.

All newcomers hear the same story. Once upon a time Messrs. Day and Martin paid 7d. a gross for packing some of their goods. This they gradually reduced to 4d., and they now propose to pay only 3d. Notice of this proposed reduction was given ten days ago. Last Thursday it came into force and forty-eight girls employed in three rooms struck work in consequence.

Yesterday morning other girls employed by the firm were asked to do the work of the strikers. They refused, and amidst scenes of the greatest enthusiasm left the factory and joined their sister-strikers in the street. Now nearly 100 out of the 150 female employees of the firm are on strike.

#### The Song of the Blacking-Box.

One of them, a wretched little overworked girl, spoke. She came out of a room where russet cream for brown boots was packed. For labelling, dusting, wrapping, boxing, and packing a gross of these bottles fourpence had been paid, which was now reduced to threepence. The girl declared that her average earnings had been only about ten shillings a week, and with the reduction they would not equal seven and sixpence.

There were "good" weeks when she had made much more, and then slack times came and reduced the average to this low figure. As she spoke, a crowd of her companions gathered.

"Look at our 'uns," said one, and turned her blacking-stained palms outwards. Then rose a cry of complaint about the dirty work, the exactions of the task master, and the wretched pay. "See what they've done," shrielled one little woman. "Put up a notice, 'No 'ands wanted.' That's fill we go away; then they'll take girls on at their own price."

#### Revenge is Sweet.

Dinner-time came, and the workmen flocked out of the gateway in among the seething crowd of girl strikers. Presently a yell went up, and then every one began to laugh. Some of the men, it seemed, were doing the packing work in place of the girls, and doing it at wages which would quadruple its original cost. Revenge was sweet, and the girls cheered shrilly.

As the day went on the girls stood to their ground in the blazing sunshine, fighting their battle with the desperation of amazons at bay. As soon as they gathered in too large groups they were moved on by the police, but they only separated to meet again and hurl defiance at the walls of the blacking factory.

## DEAR MEAT.

### In a Few Days Beef May be Twopence a Pound Higher

Responsive to the news from America, beef went up 2d. per quarter at Smithfield Market yesterday. And this rise, on the top of last Friday's, will have the effect of increasing the price to the consumer in most parts of London to-day.

This is in consequence of the negotiations between the strikers and employers in the Chicago stockyards having been broken off.

No hope of a settlement is looked for within a week, and by next Friday or Saturday it is expected that there will be a general rise of 2d. per pound for beef in London.

## ANOTHER AMERICAN PEERESS.

Yet another American woman will be added to the list of English peeresses at the end of this week, when Mrs. Knapp becomes the wife of Lord Bateman, at St. George's, Hanover-square.

The bride-elect is to arrive in England in a day or two. The wedding will be a very quiet affair.

The bride is a Canadian by birth, and possesses some wonderful jewels.



## LOVE KILLED BY CRUELTY.

## Divorce Court Stories of Four Unhappy Wives.

Four unhappy wives, whose unhappiness, however, did not prevent them from coming to court very nicely dressed in becoming summer fashions, applied yesterday to Sir Francis Jeune for releases from the thrall of matrimony.

## No. 1.—Mrs. GEORGINA CAROLINE BRISTOW.

She was married to her husband, Horace Bristow, in 1883, and some time after the wedding Mr. Bristow, who was a draper, took a large establishment in Oxford-street. In his employment were a number of very attractive young women. Their attractiveness Mrs. Bristow very soon found out to her cost.

When she remonstrated with her husband on account of his attentions to these young women, he was cruel to her, and the following are the instances of cruelty which she detailed:—

(a) He threw her downstairs, a distance of 12ft., and put her arm out.

(b) He thrust her out of a carriage in Wigmore-street, and she was dragged for 150 yards.

(c) He kicked her, and caused the police to intervene for her protection.

In support of Mrs. Bristow's petition, a pretty young woman from the Oxford-street establishment gave evidence, and said that she had been on very affectionate terms with Mr. Bristow.

A decree nisi was accordingly granted.

## No. 2.—Mrs. GRACE FLORENCE GREEN-TAYLOR.

This young lady, a beautiful blonde, was, before her marriage in 1890, Miss Grace Florence Fyne, well-known in the theatrical world as a member of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's staff of leading ladies.

Her husband was also a chorister in one of the D'Oyly Carte companies, and that was how they met, fell in love, and were married.

But their life together was not a happy one. Once Mrs. Taylor forgave her husband an act of unfaithfulness, and then he was as bad as ever. In addition to being unfaithful he struck her in the eye.

Below are some of the extracts read by counsel from letters written by Mr. Taylor when under the influence of remorse:—

"For God's sake try and bear with me. Come and forgive me, I have forgotten my weakness."

"I hope you will forgive me, as God is my witness that I hardly know now how it all happened."

"I hope to Heaven that you will be able to trust yourself again with me. I want your companionship, although I abused it. When I look back it is with the utmost contempt for my conduct."

Mrs. Green-Taylor also got her decree.

## No. 3.—Mrs. EMMA JANE ANDREWS.

Unlike Mrs. Taylor Mrs. Andrews did not take up singing as a profession until after her marriage. She was forced by her husband's conduct to seek a living for herself and her three children by her voice.

Mr. Andrews soon proved to be a man of most violent temper, and, coming home at three o'clock one morning, he so frightened his wife by the strength of his language that she contracted a serious illness.

Then, again, he came home in the early hours and seized hold of a carving-knife, saying that he would kill his wife.

"I had a terrible struggle to get it from him," she said to the Court, "and then another struggle to get a razor from him. He said, 'it's no use, we are both of us going to die!'"

Mr. Andrews finally got into trouble with his employers for embezzlement, and was temporarily separated from his wife by the law. This separation Sir Francis Jeune now made complete.

## No. 4.—Mrs. MABEL STEWART HAMILTON.

The last of the four wives went into the witness-box in a very smart white frock, and said that she used to live in Chalmers-mansions.

Her husband, she said, once treated her very cruelly when they were on a visit to Henley Regatta, forcing her on to the floor of the house where they were staying.

In 1903 a celebrated actor came to visit them, and she complied to the distinguished visitor about Mr. Hamilton's absence from her. When the actor had gone Mr. Hamilton struck her several times for "complaining before visitors."

Mrs. Hamilton obtained her decree.

## 110 Women

have asked for their money from grocers who sell Fels-Naptha; and got it; £13 6s in two years.

They didn't go by the book; we have letters from every-one of them.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E C

## "THE ONLY WAY IS DEATH."

## How a Wife's Unfounded Jealousy of a "Wicked Woman" Led to a Domestic Tragedy.

A letter produced at the inquest at Lewisham yesterday showed that at the time Mrs. Emma Raymond, the young wife of a billiard marker, cut her throat, having first attempted to kill her husband as he lay asleep beside her, she was suffering from most painful delusions.

On the envelope she had written: "Mrs. Dixon (her mother). To be opened after Mrs. Raymond's death." The letter ran as follows:—

My Dear Mother and Father,—When you read this letter I hope to be out of my trouble. I am broken-hearted. My dear husband confessed to me last January, and asked me to forgive him. He said that his heart was bleeding to tell me, as he said he loved me, but could not come home and look me in the face with this on his mind. He went astray when I was ill. She is a wicked woman.

I asked if she would leave—, and he said "No, not for me." He would have left, but he said he had his wife and children to look after.

He spoke to Mr. —, his employer, and asked if he would make her leave, and the reply was "No. If one goes the two will have to go." She, the cook, was jealous of me. I have never done the woman any harm in my life.

## "TOO MUCH TO BEAR."

If a woman ought to suffer she did. I only hope she will suffer as I have. Her name is —. She succeeded in getting over him, and has enticed him to go away and leave me, but it is too much for me to bear, so I shall put a stop to it to-night if I have the strength to do it. They are waiting for some money to go on with. She is not content with ruining me.

I forgive Leon, because it is not his fault. He has been a good husband to me. My dear mother, will you look after my dear little children, and keep them safe? I should like to see my dear little boy once again before I go, but it is too late. Love them for me, and forgive your broken-hearted daughter,

EMMA R.

P.S.—My Leon must go with me. The only way to stop my husband going away with this

woman at — is death. I would rather see him dead. I hope that woman will repent. There is no other way. I have tried to forgive him, and it is no good. She has got him in her power, so I will stop him by this terrible deed.

## WIFE'S CHARGES DENIED.

Mrs. Raymond's husband has been employed at Peel's billiard saloon, London Bridge. Emily Hatch, the cook at this establishment, went into the witness-box and stated that she had known Raymond for eight years. There was not the slightest foundation for what Mrs. Raymond had written in the letter, and she did not know of any cause for the writer to be jealous of her.

In a statement to the coroner's officer Raymond, who is in hospital suffering from the injuries inflicted by his wife, denied being guilty of misconduct. He had also, he said, denied it to his wife.

Other evidence showed that last Thursday Mrs. Raymond went from Honor Oak Park to Gower-street to see her sister, Alice Dixon. She appeared to be in distress, and gave her sister some jewellery, afterwards telling her that one of the rings was for "Baby Dorothy."

Asked by the coroner whether her sister had any cause for jealousy, Miss Dixon said: "On Thursday night she said something about a cook. She said a cook at London Bridge had broken up one home and was trying to break up another. Emma had no cause for jealousy. Her husband treated her as well as anyone could be treated."

## CHILD'S TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

The dead woman's ten-year-old sister, who was in the house at the time of the tragedy, underwent the trying ordeal of giving evidence. She heard screams early on Friday morning, and after Raymond had shouted out "Come in!" she went into the bedroom. She found him partly kneeling on his wife, and told her to go down and unbolt the front door. While she was in the room she heard her sister exclaim "Let go my wrist." Then she went to the window and called a neighbour.

The jury returned a verdict of Suicide while of unsound mind.

## COME BACK TO ERITH.

## A Kentish Town with Seven Hundred Empty Houses.

A very little more, and Erith, a small town in Kent, will be to let.

As it is, no fewer than 700 houses are vacant in the town, and if some outlying districts are taken into account the total cannot be short of 1,000.

In Northumberland Park there is practically the whole side of one road to let. In parts of Wexham there are rows of six houses all vacant.

The effect is weird. In some parts of the place one stops and wonders if one is not in a deserted town.

The explanation of this queer state of things is very simple. During the war Messrs. Vickers, Maxim and Co. were very busy, and employed an enormous number of men. The result was that houses were in great request, and many were built. Then came the slump, and men were discharged in large numbers.

Not the least noteworthy feature of the slump is the drop in rents. For 5s. 6d. a week can be got near Erith houses which would fetch 8s. or 9s. a week anywhere else. Houses worth 15s. a week are going at 9s. or 10s. Only villa property of a better class keeps its price.

The most pathetic sign of the Erith slump is the readiness of the landlords to execute repairs. Everywhere else in England landlords always become shy when repairs are mentioned. In Erith tenants have only to give vent to their slightest wishes and the work is carried out without the least delay.

## CHANCE OF £3,000,000 GONE.

By a decision of the House of Lords yesterday the possibility of the New River Company receiving an additional £3,000,000 under the arbitration scheme was finally disposed of.

The arbitrators, in fixing the amount to be paid to the company on its undertaking being taken over by the Metropolitan Water Board, decided that the statutory provision applicable to all the other water companies, limiting the maximum yearly dividend that could be paid out of profits to 10 per cent., was also applicable to the New River Company. They, however, stated a case for the Court of Appeal, fixing at £3,000,000 the additional capital sum to be paid if the Court upheld the contention of the company that it was not applicable.

The Court of Appeal decided in favour of the company, but on a further appeal the House of Lords yesterday decided against the company, holding that the decision of the arbitrators was right.

## ASYLUM'S MISSING STORES.

## Shop Said To Have Been Set Up With Stolen Goods.

Wholesale depredations by officials and others are alleged to have taken place at Horton Asylum, an establishment under the control of the London County Council, for a period of more than eleven months. At Guildford Auctions yesterday four men, named Thomas Wyles, Maurice Clark, Charles Edward Morant, and A. J. Ross, were indicted for conspiring to steal goods and other goods from the asylum. The counts in the indictment numbered seventy-one.

Morant pleaded not guilty to conspiracy, but guilty to larceny; the other three accused pleaded not guilty.

Counsel for the accused objected that two witnesses for the prosecution had been in a lunatic asylum, and were therefore non compos mentis.

The system of wholesale robbery, Mr. Dickens said, went on from April, 1903, until March of this year. Clark alone, he alleged, from August, 1902 to March this year had actually made £259 from the sale of fat from the asylum; while Morant, with the goods stolen in the same way, had set up a coffee shop near Nine Elms. This prisoner, it was stated, had told a patient in the asylum that he made £8 weekly.

A former inmate named William Norris was the chief witness of the day. He was subjected to very severe cross-examination, but answered the questions of counsel for the defence in a confident and assured manner.

The trial was adjourned till to-morrow.

Anti-gamblers have now commenced an agitation against card-playing in railway carriages.

## BAILIFFS' HOT RECEPTION.

## Dog and Its Mistress Attack Unwelcome Visitors.

In attempting to levy an execution at a house in Fountain-road, Tooting, two bailiffs' men met with such a hot reception from the debtor's wife, that at the High Bailiffs' instance she was summoned for assault at Wandsworth County Court yesterday.

The lady who offered such vigorous resistance to her unwelcome visitors—George Downton, a warrant officer, and a sub-bailiff, named Evans—was a Mrs. Mary Gladhill.

Getting no answer to his knocks, Downton had already got his head and shoulders partly through the open parlour window, and was leaning with one hand on a table, when Mrs. Gladhill rushed in from the back and pushed him out. Evans came up, and, being of slender build, Downton told him to get in. He had partly done so when Mrs. Gladhill put her arms round his neck, and, hitting at him, called upon her dog to "go for" him.

Tussle on a Table.

The animal jumped on Evans and bit him on the back part of his body, the officer, Mrs. Gladhill, the dog, and a table all being mingled together. The front door had by this time been opened by the defendant's daughter, and Downton entered; he also was at once attacked by the woman and dog.

Ultimately Downton succeeded in pacifying Mrs. Gladhill, and accompanied her to the execution creditor's.

Asked by the defendant whether he consulted a doctor, Evans said he did not, and caused roars of laughter by offering to show Mrs. Gladhill his damaged flesh.

The Judge: I don't think it is advisable to do that.

Mr. Lemon, who appeared for the High Bailiff: How long was it before the dog quitted the "seat of war"?

Evans: Three or four minutes, I should think.

In her evidence Mrs. Gladhill said the dog was "only a little pup." Evans was a very powerful man to a little woman like herself, she added.

The Judge said she had acted very foolishly, and would have to pay a fine of forty shillings and costs or go to prison for a month.

## BLUE RIBAND OF THE AIR.

## King's Bird Will Compete in the Cross-Channel Pigeon Race To-day.

A mile and a quarter a minute! That is a startling pace to travel. It is the record of the pigeon flying world, and was made by the winner of the Pigeon Derby a few years ago.

In that instance the course was 150 miles in length, but the race for the Blue Riband of the Air, which takes place to-day, is a bigger affair altogether.

It is from Marennes, in the West of France, to various places in England, the distances ranging from 400 to 700 miles. The entry, a record one, numbers over 2,000 birds.

To-day's race is under the auspices of the National Flying Club, whose president is the Prince of Wales, and the King himself has entered a bird.

The race is judged in this way. Each club entered has its special "conductor" at the starting point. He wires to the secretary of his club the exact time of flight.

Directly a pigeon arrives at its loft the owner catches it, refers to the secret number placed under its wing by the club committee the night before, and wires that number to the club officials.

Allowance being made for the owner's distance from a telegraph office, the time of the wire's dispatch is taken as the time of the bird's arrival.

From these figures the winner is easily calculated, and the secret marks system entirely does away with the possibility of fraud.

## PREMIUM ON CHILD MURDER.

In fining a woman £3 and costs for keeping three children which had been sent to her to nurse, when she was only licensed to receive two, Mr. Fordham, the North London magistrate, said that where children were adopted out and but for a small sum of money, a premium was put upon child murder.

## BARGAINS FOR YOU.

To advertise the "Daily Mirror" we offer you a perfect Camera for only 3/9. Of course it is worth more—but advertising is worth money.

See Page 2.

For the same reason you can secure a Fountain Pen for 2/6. Always with you, and always ready for work. You derive the benefit of the "Daily Mirror" advertising.

See Page 11.



## MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

To-day is the twentieth anniversary of Mr. Justice Wills's elevation to the Bench, he having been appointed a Judge on July 19, 1884.

Dan Leno left yesterday for Harrogate, where he will take the waters for a week. He will then play for two weeks at the Isle of Man, followed by a week at Liverpool.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has promised to give £500 towards a new organ fund at Christ Church, Penge, on condition that a like amount is raised by local effort. The local effort is being made.

## ASLEEP IN THE ROADWAY.

James Eccles lies in the Preston Infirmary suffering from a fractured arm and severe internal injuries.

He fell asleep in the centre of the Preston to Lancaster main road, and was run over by a motor-car.

## SUICIDE WITH £45.

A young man, whose name from papers found on him seems to be Walter Edward White, shot himself in St. James's Park yesterday.

A pendant attached to his watch chain contained portraits of himself and a girl, and in his pockets was the sum of £45.

## BOY KILLS HIS GRANDFATHER.

While examining a gun which had been laid down, at Ragnoo, Lanarkshire, a six-year-old boy accidentally discharged it.

A stone which was lying in front of the muzzle was thrown forward, and entering the head of the boy's grandfather, Mr. Andrew Struthers, a well-known agriculturist, killed him.

## WIFE PREACHED THE SERMONS.

Finding that he could not keep his engagement to conduct the anniversary services at the Heyward's Heath Primitive Methodist Chapel, the Rev. J. Pearce, a well-known Brighton minister, sent his wife as his deputy.

Mrs. Pearce filled the vacancy admirably, and preached two stirring sermons to large congregations.

## FOLLOWED SOLOMON'S ADVICE.

At Enfield yesterday Mr. Ford, in dealing with charges against a number of schoolboys for stealing growing gooseberries, discharged the culprits and directed their parents to take them to the schoolmaster, who would give them a good thrashing upon the authority of the magistrates.

An inspector was directed to see that these instructions were carried out.

## L.C.C. TO MOTHER CHILDREN.

At a conference of representatives of London sanitary authorities yesterday the following resolution was passed:

"That, having regard to the declining birth-rate, and the large infantile mortality rate of the metropolis, the London County Council should confer powers upon borough councils to establish crèches for the reception of young children during the hours their mothers are at work."

## WIFE'S SUSPICIOUS DEATH.

At Leeds yesterday, Philip Andrews, a wood turner, was charged with causing the death of his wife.

The woman was found on the floor, surrounded by pieces of a broken pitcher, death, it was stated, having resulted from a fracture of the skull.

It was said that Andrews, when arrested, stated that he quarrelled with his wife and threw a pitcher at her, but it did not strike her.

## PARLOURMAID LED ASTRAY.

Edith Newell, a well-dressed parlour-maid of eighteen, sent the Great Western Railway Company for £21 for a box she alleged had been taken charge of by a porter at Slough and lost on the railway.

The goods she described as missing were afterwards found in her possession, and the Brentford magistrate said she had been induced by bad company to make a trumpery and ill-constructed claim.

When he sentenced her to eighteen months' hard labour the girl shrieked and fell insensible in the dock, having to be carried unconscious to the cells.

## THRICE WEDDED PEERESS.

The Dowager Lady Hood died early yesterday morning at Rothwell Grange, Kettering.

This event again places in mourning Lord Hood's family, who are already in mourning for the late Lady Ashburton.

The Dowager Lady Hood was a very old lady. She was married three times. Firstly, in 1837, to the third Lord Hood; secondly, to Mr. George Hall, a member of Lord Lonsborough's family; and, thirdly, in 1858, to Mr. John Maunsell, who assumed his wife's maiden name of Tibbits. He died two years ago.

"I want some money," was the note found on the body of a Dover tradesman named Playford, which was found at the foot of the East Cliff yesterday.

"Keep me for life; a month's no good," said Bridget Creenagles to the Newcastle magistrates when charged with drunkenness. She had only come out of prison on Friday.

In a claim for wages heard at Brentford yesterday it was proved that three men shared, as earnings, 1s. 6d. for forty-eight hours' work each. This is 1-7d. per hour for each man.

Despite the heat the Oxford Music Hall is being well patronised this week. Vestal Tilly, Loney Haskell, the American raconteur, and George Mozart, the one-man drama actor, are the principal attractions.

## BURIED WITHOUT A COFFIN.

Uncoffined, and clothed in the monastic habit, the body of Brother Philip, who died at Mount St. Bernard's Monastery, near Leicester, on Saturday, was yesterday buried in a simple earthen grave in the Monastery grounds.

## PIGSTYVE "A PROPER LODGING."

"Why don't you find a proper lodging?" asked the Sheffield magistrates of Saunders Spink.

"Well, the police found me sleeping comfortably in a pigstyve. That's a proper lodging, isn't it?" answered the prisoner.

But the Bench did not agree, and fined him half-a-crown, or four days' imprisonment.

## PRISONER'S ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

When a policeman visited the cells at Barry Dock, Cardiff, one of the prisoners, a commercial traveller named William Moreton, was found on the floor bleeding from a wound in the arm.

An artery had been cut and a great quantity of blood lost. Moreton, who is in a critical condition, had been charged with stealing jewellery and watches.

## SLATERS, LIMITED, FINED.

For selling at their Strand branch milk from which 20 per cent. of its fat had been abstracted Messrs. Slaters, Limited, the well-known caterers, were fined 20s. and costs at Bow-street yesterday.

The defendants had a warranty from the milk-sellers who supplied them, but as notice of this had not been given within seven days of the service of the summons it was not available for the defence.

## SHARK INTERESTS HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

Much interest has been aroused at Scarborough by the appearance of a shark, which has been seen swimming so close to the shore that visitors on the Spa had a capital view of it.

It is not uncommon for sharks to be seen when shoals of herring are off the port, but is unusual for them to appear so early in the summer.

## GIANT CARP'S SAD END.

Generations of anglers have seen, but failed to catch, a patriarchal carp which has lived for many years in the Penwarthen Reservoir, near Preston. He was too cunning to be enticed into taking the most luring baits.

Now an unsportsmanlike end has come to him. An angler saw him basking near the surface and killed him with a blow from the butt end of a rod. He was found to weigh 12lb. and measured 25in. in length and 20in. in girth.

## GENERAL BULLER'S WARNING.

"The time may come when England will want men. Let this day be a warning—for God's sake let the men be ready," said General Buller at East Ham yesterday.

He was unveiling a monument to men of the district who had rendered good service in the South African war. Many whose names figured there were dead, but seventy-three of them were in the hall.

The General said he hoped the memorial would remind every parent and official in the district that it was the duty of every man to bear arms in defence of his country.

## NOMINATION DAY AT OSWESTRY.

With the nomination of candidates to-day the Oswestry by-election enters on its final stage.

The hot weather has militated against enthusiasm. In the noonday sun the finest panegyrics of Mr. Chamberlain or the strongest denunciations of Chinese slavery fell on apathetic ears.

There is no lack of eloquence to puzzle the buccolic electors. Lectures are being given daily by the Free Trade Union, the Tariff Reform League, the Cobden Club, and the Labourers' League.

This is, of course, in addition to the ceaseless speeches of the candidates, Mr. Bridgeman and Mr. Bright.

During the half-year ended on June 30 there were 9,361,610 crates of eggs, of the value of £3,097,188, imported into the United Kingdom from abroad.

Six months' imprisonment was the sentence passed on John Burns, a newsboy, at Marlborough-street yesterday for having violently assaulted a constable.

Bearing the famous name of Joseph Chamberlain, a man was at Darford, charged with attempting to commit suicide by cutting his throat with a German-made knife.

## POISONED BY COAL GAS.

A young woman was found dead in her bed in Westmoreland-street, Pimlico, yesterday.

The gas had been turned fully on and the doors, windows, and fireplace of the room carefully sealed. The woman had evidently gone to sleep, and while sleeping been asphyxiated.

## WHALES STILL PLENTIFUL.

The whale fishing off Shetland continues to be very successful. The catch last week aggregated 1581. The whales are generally found forty to sixty miles from the shore, and have ranged in size from fifty to sixty-four feet.

## FATAL BLAZE OF XYLONITE.

A fire occurred yesterday in a cutter's shop at Sheffield, occupied by William Henry Setton, and a quantity of xylonite used in making handles burned with such fury that the firemen were unable for some time to gain an entrance.

When they succeeded they found Setton dead, he having been shockingly burned on all parts of the body.

## COMPOSED "DOWN THE VALE."

The popular composer of "Down the Vale" and "Only Once More," Mr. Frank L. Moir, has just died after a long and painful illness.

He was in his fifty-third year, having been born at Market Harborough. While a student of painting at South Kensington he devoted much of his time to music, and won a scholarship at the National Training School in 1876.

## TURNING THE TABLES.

"This is turning the tables on the foreigners," said the chairman at a meeting of the shareholders of R. Tuck and Sons.

He was referring to the fact that there has recently been such a great demand for English-made picture postcards on the Continent that the firm had decided to establish a branch in Berlin.

## ASTRONOMER'S SUDDEN DEATH.

Dr. Isaac Roberts walked from his observatory, which is in the garden of his house at Crowborough, and ten minutes after reaching the house died.

He was a distinguished astronomer, who added much to our knowledge of the heavens and invented instruments for photographing the stars. He was born in 1829 and was presented with the Gold Medal of the Royal Society in 1895.

An inquiry into the cause of death will be held.

## POISON EASY TO GET.

"If anyone wants to commit suicide poison is quite easy to get. It is supplied in ginger-beer bottles and cups if they are taken to the shops."

This remark was made by the corner at the inquest on the body of Eliza Wills, the wife of a firewood dealer, of Holloway, who had drunk spirits of salts. Suicide while of unsound mind was the verdict.

## THE CITY.

## Consuls Show Marked Weakness, But Close Better than the Worst.

There were even some people on the Stock Exchange yesterday who discussed politics as an adverse factor. But the higher money rates had something more to do with the market tendencies. The heavy calls during the day for new loans and the high figure at which the Treasury bills were allotted were against the gold-edged section. Consols, however, closed above the worst, though in the morning they showed marked weakness.

In the Home Railway market a satisfactory Great Eastern dividend and excellent Brighton and South Coast figures, together with the expectation of a good Metropolitan dividend to-day, were all points to the good. The South-Eastern and Chatham preliminary earnings statement, however, was thought disappointing, though good enough really. The Brighton and Great Eastern dividends were the same as last year, but the Brighton earnings were evidently substantially increased. The company also published a good traffic return. Generally speaking, the Heavy railways were a little dull. Otherwise the tone was fairly good, except that South-Eastern and Chatham stocks fell back.

## Still Gambling in Americans.

The Continent, notably Amsterdam, and our gamblers here helped to put Americans up in the morning. A much larger business than usual was done. Then came some profit-taking, only to be followed by another show of confidence. But there is far too much gambling in the market.

Grand Trunks suffered from a disappointing traffic decrease, Argentine Rails from profit-taking, Mexican Rails derived no benefit from a rise in silver.

Foreigners were generally lower than to Paris. But copper shares were an exception, owing to the good metal news and the favourable fortnightly statistics. Speculative buying of Alloys and other brewery descriptions continues, but there are many who assert that the Allsopp report will prove poor. The various Argentine meat shares were firm again. Docks improved on the nearness of the half-yearly earnings statement.

In the Kafir market there was a fairly good tendency at first, Paris buying some of the better shares and descriptions, though selling De Beers and others. Before the close, however, weakness developed, chiefly in the Rhodesian section, where Chartered was a little dull. There was a little disposition to bid for some of the leading Westrafrans, but in West Africans Ashanti Goldfields again gave way.

## LATEST MARKET PRICES.

\* The "Daily Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the last quotations from the principal markets after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for the day:

Consols 2½ p.c. .... 88½	89½	Pacific .....	115½	116½
Do Account .....	89½	Western .....	124½	125½
India 5 p.c. .... 94½	95½	Mexican First .....	84½	85½
London C.C. 5 p.c. .... 92½	93½	Do Ord. ....	18½	19½
Nat. War Loan .....	97½	Rosario Cobon .....	92½	93½
Transvaal Loan .....	96½	Do Def. ....	88½	89½
Argentine 1886 .....	100½	Canadian Pacific 1901 .....	120½	121½
Do Funding .....	101½	Gd. Tnk. Ord. ....	14½	14½
Brazilian p.c. 1889 7½ .....	77½	Do 1st Pref. ....	103½	104½
Do W. of Minas 88½ .....	89½	Do 2nd Pref. ....	103½	104½
Chili 1888 .....	84	Do 3rd .....	399	399
Egypt 5 p.c. 1901 .....	100½	Nitrato Ord. ....	6½	7½
Italian .....	101½	Aerated Bread .....	8½	8½
Japan 5 p.c. 1886 85 .....	85	Allsopp Ord. ....	36	37
Do 4 p.c. ....	73½	Com. Light Oil .....	319	319
Port. Debs. ....	92½	Hudson Bay .....	94½	95½
Do Pref. ....	92½	Lin. Grn. Ord. ....	110	110
Portuguese .....	61½	Lipton .....	18½	19½
Russian 4 p.c. 1889 .....	92½	L.R. & D. Def. Ord. ....	71½	72½
Spanish 4 p.c. (Sd.) .....	85½	Neison's .....	22½	23½
Turkish 5 p.c. Un'd. 84½ .....	84½	Sweetwater Am. ....	15½	16½
Uruguay 5 p.c. ....	57½	Vickers, Maxims, .....	11½	12½
Brighton Def. ....	124½	Woolwich Ord. ....	9	9
Caledonian Def. ....	29½	Anglo-French .....	2½	3½
Central London .....	90½	Ashanti G. ....	2½	3½
Chatham Ord. ....	16½	Assoc. G. M. ....	25	25
Do Pref. ....	102½	Barnato Cons. ....	25	25
Do 2nd Pref. ....	68	Chambers Reef .....	32½	33½
Great Eastern .....	91½	Chartered Cons. ....	15½	16½
Gt. Northern Def. ....	40½	City & Sub. ....	6½	6½
Great Central A. ....	14½	Com. Gold .....	24½	25½
Great Western .....	143½	Crown Reef .....	14½	15½
Metropolitan .....	96½	De Beers .....	14½	15½
District .....	37½	East Rand .....	7½	7½
Midland Pref. ....	68	E. Rand. M. Est. ....	3½	4½
Do Def. ....	67½	Gen'l. ....	2½	3½
North British Def. ....	44½	G'd'Albani .....	5½	6½
North Eastern .....	142½	Gold Coast Am. ....	14	15
North Western .....	123½	Nile Valley .....	12½	13½
South East. Def. ....	62½	Or. Bid. Per. New 17 .....	11½	12½
South West. Def. ....	55½	Do Prop. ....	23½	24½
Do Ord. ....	168	Wt. Fingall 107 .....	7½	8½
Atchison .....	79½	Ivanhoe .....	7½	8½
Baltimore .....	87½	Job. Con. in. ....	2½	3½
Chesapeake .....	35½	Knights .....	110	110
Chi. Mil. & S. Pl. ....	123	Lake View Cons. ....	11	11
Denver .....	23½	May Consolidated .....	34½	35½
Erie Shares .....	27	Meyer & Clark .....	25	25
Do Pref. ....	64½	Modderfontein .....	8½	9½
Illinois Cent. ....	189	N. Vulture Gold .....	6½	7½
Livingston .....	189	Nile Valley .....	12½	13½
Missouri .....	19½	N. Copper .....	2½	3½
Norfolk .....	61½	N. Oreogum .....	16½	17½
Pennsylvania .....	61½	Oroya B. Whells. ....	25	25
Reading .....	57½	Princeton .....	21½	22½
Southern Ord. ....	25½	Randfontein .....	38½	39½
Southern Pacific .....	52½	Rio Tinto .....	103½	104½
Union Pacific .....	86½	Sask. Min. ....	10½	11½
U.S. Steel Ord. ....	18	Sons Uvalde .....	19½	20½
Do Pref. ....	143	Sons Devel. ....	19½	20½
Wabash Pref. ....	57½	Wassau .....	5½	6½
B.A. Gt. South'n 133 .....	124	Welgedacht .....	6½	6½
		Zeeuwsche Explor. ....	13½	14½

\* Ex div.

## WHIRLWIND'S STRANGE FREAK.

On Sunday morning, on our way home from church on a breathlessly hot day, we witnessed the effect of a whirlwind, says a correspondent of the "Field," writing from Cockerham.

It was working across a field winding up the hay, and carrying it to a height of 60ft. or 70ft. drawing it up first in a column. As the whirlwind passed on the hay fell again on the tops of the trees in a wood close by.

Although we were standing such a little distance off we felt no air at all, and apparently there was no wind anywhere except just in the centre of the disturbance.

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## Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, JULY 19, 1904.

## THE KING WHO IS NEVER TIRED.

If one of us were asked to leave London this morning, to travel to Liverpool, drive through crowded streets amid a shouting populace, lay the foundation-stone of a cathedral, then get on board a yacht, steam round to Swansea, cut the first sod of a dock (more shouting, more crowds), then go on further into Wales, open a new water system (crowds and shouting as before), and get back to London on Thursday night with a fresh programme of town engagements waiting to be gone through on Friday—if one of us were invited to do this, we should probably say it would completely knock us up.

And so it probably would. Yet the King is starting off to-day to tackle all these engagements without thinking them anything out of the way. He will, if all goes well, return on Thursday even better than he leaves. He never spares himself, never shrinks from the public appearances which his position demands of him, never seems to be tired. How does his Majesty manage it?

William Kaiser is an energetic man. Mr. Roosevelt is credited with being more strenuous than most. The King of Italy is young and wiry. Yet we really do not believe that any ruler in the world at the present moment—not even our old friend the Alake of Abokuta—could go through so much fatigue as King Edward does, habitually and as a matter of course, without feeling some ill effects.

Of course, he travels comfortably. Things are made easy for him. He does not have to sit five a side in a third-class carriage, or take sandwiches and sponge cakes with him for a lunch in the train. But even making all due allowance for this, he does get about in a very remarkable way for a Sovereign of his years.

Long may his energy remain unimpaired! Far distant be the day when he shall cease to be known as the King who is never tired.

## THOUGHTS FOR HOT DAYS.

Fountains that frisk and sparkle  
The moss they overspill;

Grass that the breezes crinkle;  
The wheel that the mill,

With its wet, weedy frill;  
Wind-shadows in the wheat;

A water-cart in the street;  
The fringe of foam that girds

An islet's ferneries;  
A green sky's minor thirds—

To live, I think of these!

Of ice and glass the tinkle,  
Pellicud, silver-shall;

Peaches without a wrinkle;  
Cherries and snow, at will

From china bowls that fill  
The senses with a sweet

Incuriousness of heat;  
A melon's dripping sherds;

Cream-clotted strawberries;  
Dusk dairies set with curds—

To live, I think of these!

Vale-lily and periwinkle;  
Wet stone-crop on the sill;

The look of leaves a-twinkle  
With windlets clear and still;

The feel of a forest rill  
That wimples fresh and fleet

About one's naked feet;  
The stuzzles of drinking herds;

Lush flags and bulrushes;  
The chirp of rain-bound birds—

To live, I think of these!

ENVOI.

Dark aisles, new packs of cards,  
Mermaids' tails, cool swards,

Dawn dews and starlit seas,  
White marble—whiter words—

To live, I think of these!

The late W. E. Henley.

## SHOULDN'T HE BE CALLED B.C.?



THE PRIME MINISTER: Do tell that strange old man to go away. He looks like an Ancient Briton. Ask him if he knows this is 1904.

[The "Evening News" suggests, apropos of the new vote of censure, that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's methods are so antique he ought to be called B.C. instead of C.B.]

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

"So Willie Grenfell is to be rewarded for turning Tory," said a Liberal M.P. rather bitterly yesterday when he read that Mr. Balfour's great friend was a likely man for a peerage and the Governor-Generalship of Canada. But that is not quite a fair way of putting it. He gave up being a Liberal six years ago, and did it from conviction. "Too good a sportsman to be a Radical all his life," was one comment on his change over. But that was not much fairer than the other remark.

He certainly is a good sportsman, and an all-round one. He can do pretty well everything, and looks an athlete all over. He has swum across Niagara just below the Falls, rowed across the Channel in a river "eight," shot bears in the Rockies, climbed all the Swiss mountains, been amateur punting champion, and will fence with anyone, French or English, with a very good chance of beating them. He lives on the Thames at a house which is nicknamed "Honeycomb Hall" because he has so often lent it to newly-married couples.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert will be made at home on the stage of the Garrick Theatre to-day than most of his fellow-authors turned actors for the moment. He has not often acted himself, but he has conducted rehearsals, and shown actors how to act for very many years past. One of the occasions on which he did actually perform was at a charity matinee of his own piece, "Broken Hearts."

When he turned up at the theatre, about an hour before the time to begin, he found that Mr. Kyrie Bellew, who was to play "lead," had fallen through a trap-door and hurt himself rather badly. Mr. Gilbert at once decided to take his place. He knew the part by heart, and could certainly play it as the author meant it to be played. The author was quite satisfied with his rendering, but the audience found it just a little dry. "He made love like a middle-aged barrister," said one of them afterwards, which was not surprising, for that is exactly what he was!

Do you recollect the time when "Only once more" was being sung in every suburban drawing-room, and ground out of every piano-organ? The man who wrote it and many another favourite ballad—"Down the Vale" amongst them—has just died. Frank L. Moir was only just over fifty, but he had suffered long from a painful illness, and grown old before his time. He never quite got into the first flight of popular song-writers. He was always tuneful, but never quite original enough to make a great hit. Still, he gave pleasure to very many people.

How little interest we take in architecture? Do you know who designed the old London School Board building on the Embankment? It was Mr.

G. F. Bodley, who is also the chief architect of the Liverpool Cathedral, of which the King lays the foundation-stone to-day. He is an enthusiast for the Queen Anne style (though the new Cathedral will be Gothic), and his work has had a good deal of effect upon the designs of other men. He is a bit of a poet as well as an architect, though he would hardly make a living by his rhymes.

The actual design for the Cathedral was made by Mr. Gilbert Scott, whose father is a well-known, and whose grandfather was a famous, architect, the restorer of most of the cathedrals in England, when "restoring" meant destroying, as far as possible, all trace of the original decoration and plan. He is only twenty-three, and this is his first important job. He won it in a fair-and-square competition, and then modestly suggested that some architect of established reputation should help him with the details. So he and Mr. Bodley are now working them out together.

The war correspondents with the Japanese Army at Feng-huang-cheng are not happy. They are like schoolboys who may not go "out of bounds." Literally, they can only move about within a certain small area. Still, there are a good many of us stewing in London who would be glad enough to be living in "a pleasant camp full of spring flowers and singing birds." That is how one of the correspondents describes it, and then he goes on:—"Hard by our tents a river of pellucid water winds down one of the most beautiful of valleys."

"Fair is the scenery, wonderfully rich the colouring, and the mountain of Feng-huang is an unfailing pleasure to look on. Its picturesque crags and precipitous pinnacles are buttressed by steep wooded slopes cloven by scores of wild ravines and gulleys. It is a mountain that ever changes in its colouring and its shifting shadows from the rising to the setting of the sun. In the heat of the day it is often of a glorious blue-purple, in cloudy weather its summits, like rugged aerial isles, shoot high above the rolling vapours; and under the light of the full moon it possesses a wonderful beauty."

It is certainly awkward to be constantly mixed up with another man of the same name, especially when the other man is a good deal better known. It is excusable, therefore, for Mr. J. W. Lowther, M.P., to have announced that it is not he who is ill, but Mr. J. Lowther, M.P., whom the world calls "Jimmy," and his friends "Jim." No one who knows them would ever mix up hatchet-faced Jim Lowther, with his striking personality and odd early Victorian opinions, with the correct and respectable "J. W.," who is Chairman of Committees, and hopes to qualify some day for the Speakership.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

## The Bishop of Liverpool.

He is a man who has made his way to the front by sheer piety. No social influences worked for him. No sensational methods drew attention to his work. He has taken very little part in Church controversies.

But he has done much to turn men's minds to thoughts of God, and that was why, when he was sent to Liverpool, not only the Evangelicals (of whom he is one), but also the High Church party, openly rejoiced at his elevation.

Since then—he has been in Liverpool four years—he has won golden opinions from moderate men, though partisans on each side have criticised him rather severely. "Beware," says the Gospel, "when all men speak well of you." This fate has not befallen Bishop Chavasse.

Of the man personally very little is known—simply because there is very little to be known. He has not an attractive manner. His appearance is rather against him. A man whose chief interest is theology cannot be a very interesting man—except to theologians.

Yet he has, by hard work, made himself a feature of the life of Liverpool, and the Church there will owe much to him if his efforts ever bear fruit.

He is anxious for the cathedral to be built, and very glad that a beginning is to be made to-day. But he is still more anxious to carry on an active missionary movement in the city, for he sees that it is no good building cathedrals if you cannot get people to go to church.

## QUESTION AND ANSWER.

## Is Wireless Telegraphy Yet a Workable Long-Distance System?

Although a Bill was introduced in the House of Commons yesterday "to regulate wireless telegraphy," it has not yet been proved to be of any great commercial value.

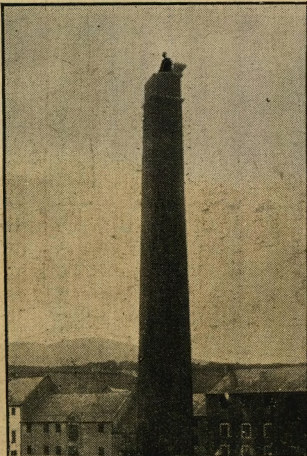
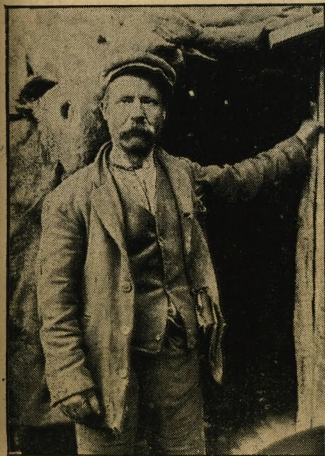
It is used now at sea, but it is long since Mr. Marconi said he was about to establish it regularly between England and America. All the attempts made to do this up to the present have failed.

Nor has anything been heard lately of the scheme for connecting up Italy with Argentina. The new system seems to be as far as ever from the likelihood of superseding telegraphy by wire.

"56 not out" was the score in years that Dr. W. G. Grace reached yesterday morning, and 61 not out was the score in runs he made during the afternoon. The old champion was in great form, and with his veteran partner, Mr. W. L. Murdoch, kept the M.C.C. field busy. "W. G." was determined to show that a man is only as old as he feels. And he did!



## JAMIE IN A NEW ROLE.



The Newry steeplejack, Jamie Gill, and the chimneystack on which he eluded the police so long, after being sentenced to a month's imprisonment for drunkenness. He recently appeared on the stage of a Belfast music-hall, and hopes to soon appear on the London variety stage.

## THE KING'S ENTRY.

the present number of inmates in the Workhouse  
ed by the Local Government Board?

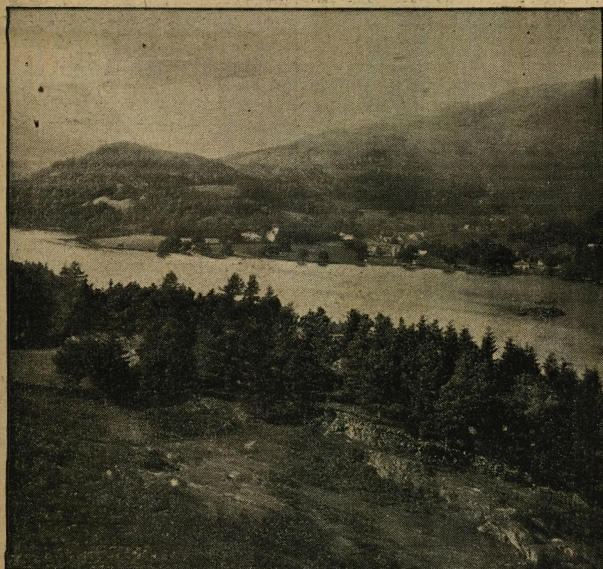
## OBSERVATIONS.

*It is 9 years since I visited  
this Union & I find it vastly  
improved & in excellent order*

*Edward R. and I.  
July 13, 1904*

A facsimile of the entry made by the King in the visitors' book when he visited Newmarket Workhouse last week. It reads: "It is nine years since I visited this Union, and I find it vastly improved and in excellent order. Edward R. and I, July 13, 1904."—(Reproduced by permission of the "Tatler.")

## TO NATIONALISE ULLSWATER.



The National Trust is appealing to the public for the sum of £12,000 to purchase 700 acres of beautiful woodland around Ullswater, and secure for the public's enjoyment this lovely possession on the border of Westmorland and Cumberland.

## A HEROINE OF THE ALPS.



M. Hadjilazaro, a Greek gentleman, accompanied by his two sisters, attempted on Friday the Grand Cornier, 13,020ft. high, without guides, and in descending fell into a crevasse in the snow. One of his sisters, bracing herself against the edge of the crevasse, held on to which was fastened round her brother, and managed to keep him from falling to the bottom. The other hastened for aid to Zinal, where she got a party of guides, who rescued her some hours later.



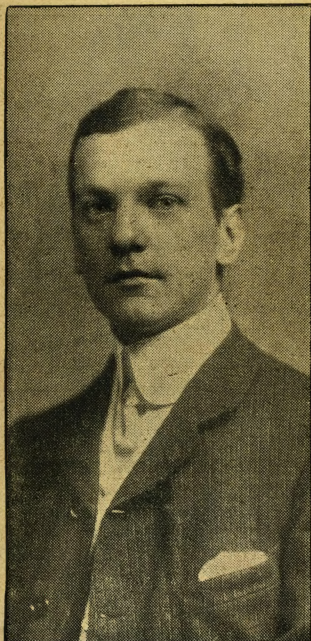
They look hot, and it was hot on Sunday in Hatton-garden, where the Italian Ambassador's wife unveiled new decorations at the Italian Church.



Yesterday the quaint custom of swan racing on the Thames. A procession of boats, bedecked with flags, proceeded up the river, capturing the swans.



THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN VISIT LIVERPOOL TO-DAY.



Mr. C. Gilbert Scott, the brilliant young architect of the new Liverpool Cathedral.—(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)



Their Majesties the King and Queen leave Buckingham Palace to-day for Liverpool, where the King is to lay the foundation stone of the new Cathedral. The above shows the magnificent edifice as it will appear when completed.

GIRL PICKETERS IN SOUTHWARK.

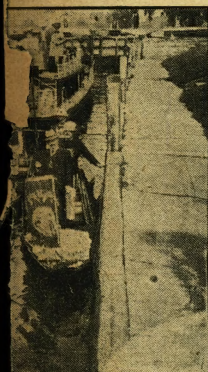


A group of girl strikers outside Messrs. Day and Martin's blacking factory, Southwark Bridge-road, yesterday. They remained outside the premises all day, to prevent any other girls obtaining employment.

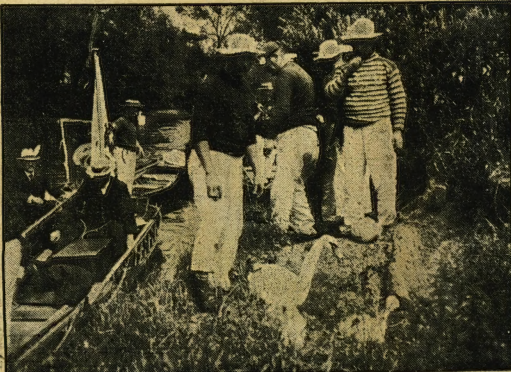
LONDON'S NEW TRAMCAR.



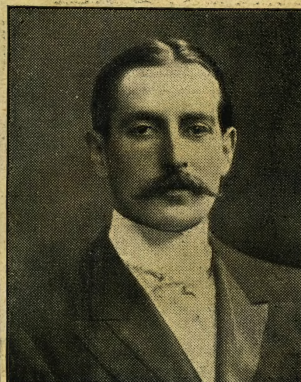
The London County Council's new roofed tramcar on the trial runs which took place between Blackfriars Bridge and Peckham on Sunday.



Swapping took place on the lake with curious flags, every swan on the water.



When captured the swans are "upped," or marked, with a small nick on the bill. The King's birds receive a single nick, and the Vintners' and Dyers' Companies' swans two and three respectively.



Mr. Leopold Canning, the future Lord Garvagh, and Miss Rube, daughter of Mr. Charles Rube, the well-known African millionaire, who are to be married this afternoon at Westminster Abbey.—(Photograph by Lafayette.)



# TO-DAY'S MARRIAGE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY—BRIDE'S TOILETTE.

## MOST MAGNIFICENT TROUSSEAU.

### LOVELY POSSESSIONS OF A MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER.

The great music-room at 1, Belgrave-square did not suffice to contain Miss Rubé's trousseau when it was on view one last week. Boxes strewed the ground, and exquisite gowns lay one on the

top of another, over chairs and every available piece of furniture. They even draped the portrait in oils of the lovely young bride who goes to the altar to-day. Miss Rubé is a girl with wonderful red-gold hair and a very pretty pink and white complexion. Her marriage to-day to Mr. Leopold Canning, the only son of Lord and Lady Garvagh, and a godson of the late Duke of Albany, is to take place in Westminster Abbey, where Lord and Lady Garvagh were married seven-and-twenty years ago, and three great Cannings lie at rest.

#### The Wedding Gown.

Miss Rubé's bridal raiment is a miracle of relief embroidery. The gown, which is long and beautifully modelled, with no fulness at the waist, is worked with rather thick white silk in a pattern of large roses, foliage, and shamrock leaves. The motif rises in the front and tapers off to nothing round the back, and all the high lights are wrought in silver, while round the hem is a twelve-inch

brim. They are to carry bunches of white roses, and will wear diamond, ruby, and enamel pendants—the gift of the bridegroom.

#### The Going Away Gown.

This important toilet is of white crêpe de Chine, and has a plainly gauged skirt, full elbow sleeves, and a gathered bodice opening over a Valenciennes lace chemisette. The only and very charming touch of colour the toilette has is given to it by the faint blue of the small cameo buttons that adorn it. With this a spidy hat of white chip and tulle will be worn, a precise copy of the bridesmaids' hats.

Seeing that the young couple start on their journey in a motor-car (Mr. Rubé's gift to the bridegroom), a long white cloth coat has been provided, which reveals a pale blue lining, braided with silver—the Canning colours.

Of the beautiful trousseau, which the bride has, all one can say of it is that it is perfection, and re-

and a front of chiffon and pretty puffed elbow sleeves. A third is of white lace over faint pink, and, remembering that it will not always be summer, there is a green panne over trimmed with priceless point de Venise.

Of fans, gloves, hats, and parasols there is no space to speak, save to say that all were carefully chosen with a view to suiting one or two special frocks.

## A Thinker's Thoughts

If you are a thinker your brain wears away in proportion as you use it and this waste must be rebuilt by food (there's no other way) else the brain grows dull and is a poor instrument.

In Grape-Nuts food all the elements required for this brain building are found in the most liberal proportions, the parts of grains that supply the Phosphate of Potash and Albumen being especially selected in making.

## Grape-Nuts

food and trial 10 days will show any brain-weary or nervous wreck a great improvement.

There's a reason, as trial proves.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each packet.

## MAUD BAKER

(From KATE REILEY),

Begs to offer a Special Made Corset to Measure, from One Guinea. The latest from Paris. Hours 10 to 5.

123, MARYLEBONE ROAD, N.W.

## Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

Thoroughly cleanses the teeth and purifies the breath.

Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century.

Very convenient for tourists.

PREPARED BY THE EMINENT AMERICAN DENTIST

J. W. Lyon, D.D.S.

## Hay Fever.

"Science Siftings," the great authority on the purity of foods and drugs, says: "Recent experiments have proved to us that Iclima Natural Water sprayed into the Nostrils is a cure for and preventive of hay-fever." Iclima Water soothes and cures mosquito and gnat bites quicker than any artificial remedy. Bottles, 6d. and 1s.—ICLIMA CO. Ltd. (Dept. B), 142, Gray's Inn-road, London, W.C.

## Force

"keeps cool." Saves hurry, worry, cooking, work. Delicious breakfasts without striking a match.

## IRISH LINENS AND SUMMER FABRICS

direct from Ireland.

If you will send us a post card, we will be pleased to send you a variety of samples of genuine Irish goods—pretty things for making blouses and summer costumes—patterns of Tablecloths, Handkerchiefs, Sheetings, Towels, &c.

Many of these are such as cannot be bought in the shops—all of them are at such prices as make it profitable to buy direct. You can order by number and keep the samples for comparison when the goods come home. You can make the selection in the comfort and leisure of your own house.

G. R. HUTTON & CO.,

Room 81, Larne, Ireland.

## STOUTNESS

ARE YOU TOO STOUT?

If so, why not reduce your weight and be comely? Obesity, though not actually dangerous, is annoying and distasteful to people of refined taste, especially to ladies, who can never look as well as their slimmer sisters. Besides this, if not unchecked, stoutness often predisposes to Rheumatism, Heart trouble, and particularly Liver disease. How is it that you put up with a condition of the body that be harmlessly and effectively cured? Perhaps you have tried other remedies with ill success. I care not how many remedies you have taken. My simple treatment will reduce weight. Three thousand authenticated testimonials in my possession testify to this great fact.

### ONE 2/- BOX

Vincent's Anti-Stout Pills has in hundreds of cases completely cured, and in any case will more reduce corpulence than any other remedy extant.

### DR. VINCENT'S

Stout Pills are small, harmless, pleasant to take, without change of diet will reduce superabundant as much as 10lb. in a week. Do not delay. Send for correspondence strictly confidential.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE PUBLIC.  
DUBLIN, IRELAND, YORK, ENGLAND, February 2, 1894.—"Your pills have done me a great deal of good. They have taken me down from twenty-one stone to seventeen in the short time of eight weeks, and I feel much better."

W. M. STAFFS, April 7, 1903.—"Your pills have done more than I expected. I find that one box of 2s. will be sufficient. I am much thinner, and feel much better."

WINDHAM, NORFOLK, April 12, 1904.—"I had a pill a fortnight ago. I have lost great comfort from it. I am very pleased. I have lost four inches in weight since I took it."

NOTE.—Beware of "Free Samples" and AFTER you have bought one box, you will receive a free box of Vincent's Famous Anti-Stout Pills have their prices plainly stated.

The Formula is not a Quick No-trim, having been successfully used for many years in the private practice of a distinguished physician.  
Prices: 2/-, 4/-, and 10/- (last two usually sample for complete cure), sent post free plain wrapper. Address: DR. VINCENT, Dept. D.M., 48, Park Buildings, HORNSEY, LONDON.



Miss Rubé's wedding dress is a magnificently embroidered robe, made by Madame Kate Kelly, Dover-street, embodying roses and shamrock in white and silver, and her flounce and veil are of the richest Brussels lace, and are her mother's gift. Her bridesmaids will wear white mousseline de soie and Directoire coats appliqued with lace and silver, and picturesque hats trimmed with blue and silver.

flounce of priceless Brussels lace, which, together with the veil, is the gift of the bride's mother. The bodice, which is crossed in front and at the back, is embroidered in the same manner, and has a chemisette of lace. The coat sleeve, adorned with a spray of roses, ends at the elbow, and is there slashed up to show a shower of lace. A full Court train will be worn from both shoulders, and is of specially-woven Brussels, lined with billowy chiffon, and embroidered to match the sleeve. Her white bouquet is the bridegroom's gift.

#### The Bridesmaids' Dresses.

The bridesmaids' gowns are of soft white mousseline tulle, with full skirts trimmed with puffings of the same silk. Their Directoire coats are daintily trimmed with Brussels appliqué, and they wear broad sashes of blue and silver bouclé ribbon, fastened with large blue velvet, embroidered buttons. Their hats are of white chip, with large flat crowns and drooping brims, trimmed with a band of blue velvet, embroidered with silver, and round the crown, slightly veiled with blue tulle and long ends of the same. A panache of exquisite white ostrich feathers decorates the right side, and one feather nestles on the hair under the

brims. They are to carry bunches of white roses, and will wear diamond, ruby, and enamel pendants—the gift of the bridegroom.

Day gowns abounded in white serge and white cloth, beautifully braided with touches of tan at the throat and cuffs. Gowns of blue cloth were there, and a charming one is a black model with touches of green panne.

Formerly in an English trousseau the black note was never struck; not so abroad, where usually two black frocks are essentials. Mrs. Rubé has wisely put in a beautiful sequine net gown built over chiffon for evening wear, as well as two black day gowns.

One of the new very tiny checks, of a blue-green character, much rucked, and having a vest and sleeves of embroidered muslin, was very fascinating, and a white ribbed crêpe de Chine was a lovely frock.

The tea gowns were dreams, a beautiful one in Irish lace attracting special attention. Another is of crêpe de Chine, with a graduated ounce of écu lace round the train going up to the shoulders,



## AUTOMOBILE CLUB AND "MIRROR" RUNS.

### Amateur Members Override the Desire of the Trade To Popularise the Motor Industry.

The committee of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland have often complained that the motor movement has not received in this country the Press support which has been so largely instrumental in placing France at the head of the automobile industry.

It has been pointed out that in France the Press has popularised the automobile by means of motor competitions, organised, with the sanction of the Automobile Club de France, by the "Petit Journal," "Figaro," "Le Matin," and other leading

newspapers, and that the movement in this country has suffered from want of such support.

In spite of these lamentations, the existing committee of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland—or, rather, a hastily-called meeting, at which, we are informed, there were not two-fifths of the committee present—have declined to sanction a proposal that a trial should be organised by a newspaper, and carried out under the rules and supervision of the club.

The facts are as follows:—

Representations were made to the proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* that they might assist the auto-

mobile industry by organising a "non-stop" trial of motor-cars.

Application for sanction was made to the Club Committee, and the question of trials promoted by private enterprise was, very properly, referred by them to the Industrial Committee of the club, which is formed by members of the trade and representatives of automobile journals. This committee reported that such trials, if bona fide, should be "encouraged and fostered," provided the rules were passed by the Industrial Committee and approved by the club.

#### Committee's Action.

The Club Committee on receiving this report carefully considered the policy involved by its adoption, rescinded a resolution which prohibited "outside" trials, and directed that the conditions of the trial should be submitted to the Trade Committee. It gave time the latter's report was to go to a smaller committee (the executive), and that "they should act on it."

The Industrial Committee examined the *Daily Mirror's* proposed conditions, made some minor alterations, and reported that they saw no objection

to them; provided the interests of other road users were safeguarded.

The Executive Committee, which on this occasion consisted of seven amateurs and the vice-chairman of the Industrial Committee, who, of course, protested against the action taken, disregarded the representations of the trade, and called a meeting of the Club Committee at absurdly short notice, with the result that the sanction of the club to the *Mirror's* trial has been refused by a vote which was largely amateur.

It was the Press motor competitions which set France aflame with enthusiasm in the early days of the petrol movement. Press competitions have kept that movement alive and glowing.

#### Discouraging the Industry.

There are many discouraging features for those who are engaged in the motor industry in this kingdom, but perhaps the most disheartening of all is the attitude of the Automobile Club, the committee of which appears to have made up its mind not to allow the industry to enjoy any advantage, except the few and questionable blessings conferred by the little ring at 119, Piccadilly.

## The Premier's Daughter

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

### CHAPTER XL. Continued.

"Yes, I have come to tell you that the man you thought dead and forgotten is alive." Paul Carew repeated the words maliciously, then paused to see what effect they would have upon the cold dignity of Beatrice Heron. He wanted to hurt the proud woman, to make her wince. She was so much her father's child, he thought, as she stood up calm and resolute, dressed in a plain grey tailor-made gown, the immaculate daughter of a great house. He noticed with his sense of detail the delicate lace tie swathing her slim throat, and the sheen of her opal brooch; also the diamond rings glittering on her fingers. How strange it was to realise—how more than strange, in fact—that she was the daughter-in-law of Philip Denzil, related so closely to the outcast convict, the poor wretch whose safety depended on his good pleasure.

Beatrice glanced at the man watching her so steadily, and a slow flush mounted to her forehead. "Is it peace or war?" she asked, in cool, steady tones. "Do you come here as a friend, or have you forced yourself upon me to levy blackmail? We may as well know how we stand."

"Certainly," he replied, after reflecting for a second. "Well, I come neither in the one capacity nor the other, but simply to ask payment for the debt your father owes me."

"And what does he owe you?" replied Beatrice, surveying the man steadily, but her courage was beginning to desert her. She felt quite certain that Paul Carew was different to the mere blackmailing adventurer; the man had his own grievance, his own wrong; she felt quite sure of that.

"What does your father owe me?" Paul Carew tossed his head, laughing recklessly and wildly. "Only a small thing, Mrs. Heron; just the ruin of my life and the life of my sister, and the loss of our two souls. You think I am mad, I suppose; would you like to hear the truth? Will you listen to my story from my own lips, and realise how much cause I have to love and respect the proud name of Chevenix?"

"You had better tell me everything," she said slowly; "yes, let me hear the truth."

Paul Carew began to speak. He moved about the room restlessly as he told the long story, quite unable to sit down or keep still. His voice grew hoarse with passion as he recited his wrongs, and his eyes became dark and sombre in expression. He kept on gnawing at his underlip, and once or twice he raised his hand to his mouth and bit the finger-tips fiercely.

All the while Beatrice sat up stiff and rigid in her chair. Once in the middle of the man's story it had been in her mind to ask him to spare her the further recital, or the humiliation of listening to the shameful part her father had played, but she had fought down this weakness and bent an attentive ear; and now the recital was over, and all there was to know she knew.

She drew a long breath, and passed her hand

a little wearily over her smooth white forehead. For the moment there was no movement or strength or spirit in her. She was consumed with shame. That her father, the father she had loved and honoured, should have sunk so low—the misery and humiliation of the thought was almost unbearable.

"What can I say, what can I do?" began Beatrice almost helplessly. "My father" began wronged you and the dead woman almost beyond redemption, but I am guiltless—I and my husband—surely you feel that?" She spoke and looked at the man appealingly, but she felt as she did so that she might have spared her pains.

"I know you are innocent enough of wrongdoing towards me," replied Paul Carew, "but you are the one living creature your father happens to care for, so to hurt you would be to hurt him."

"What do you mean?" muttered Beatrice, her heart beating fast, "are you so cruel as to wish to harm me. I, who have never injured you?"

"My dear Mrs. Heron," the man replied in answer, "I bear you no personal animosity, but you happen to be necessary to my scheme of vengeance. If your father had a favourite dog or cat, horse or bird, for instance, it would be my great desire to get hold of that possession of his, and to bind, maim, and torture it. The fact of giving acute pain to any creature that Robert Chevenix happens to care for would cause me exquisite pleasure."

Beatrice felt a faint sickness creeping over her, but she realised one certain fact. She must not lose her nerve or allow her tormentor to perceive her agitation. She had always been famed for her self-control, she exerted it in earnest now.

"How can you possibly hurt me?" she demanded with a touch of magnificent scorn. "I follow different paths. I have only to ring a bell to have you turned out of the house."

"And I," he interrupted, "have only to say the word and your father-in-law, my dear lady, will be dragged back to Princetown."

"You would betray a poor old man who trusts you?" she cried, with fierce indignation; but he smiled bitterly as he replied:—

"Why should I not turn betrayer? I, who have been so foully betrayed. Think what a nice advertisement the whole thing would be for your husband, for somehow I fancy the fact of his relationship to Philip Denzil would come out, and what price would John Heron's destiny be?" The man rubbed his thin hands together, chuckling horribly. "Face the situation out, Mrs. Heron, he went on, "you are a proud mother, I believe. How would you like the whole world to know that the same blood flows in the veins of Convict 170 as in your little son, and that the child you are so fond of is a felon's grandson?" He paused for breath.

"Are you quite heartless?" asked Beatrice, half despairingly. "Why should you ruin my husband's career? He is a good and a great man, of service to his country and his age. Spare him for the sake of what you once were."

"And what I shall never be again," came the bitter reply. "That is rather a foolish plea to put forward—as to my being heartless, you are quite right there, I hate the whole world of living things. I should like to have the power to annihilate the universe, or, better still, to be able to cast a deadly blight over it and to destroy all the green, beautiful life—all the blossom and grain,

then, how I would laugh as hunger and death stepped down the highway I had prepared!"

Beatrice gazed at him with loathing and horror; she did not think him sane.

"You must be mad," she cried, "to talk so wildly."

"Ah, yes—mad—mad," he replied, giving way to another fearful fit of laughter, "a mad dog ready to tear whoever crosses my path. The world has stoned me so mercilessly that I have lost all sense of right and reason, and only know blind desire to hurt in my turn. You are right to call me mad, Mrs. Heron, but remember one thing, a mad dog is a dangerous brute to tackle, and generally does some harm before he is killed."

"A truce to this," said Beatrice, gathering up her courage. "What is the use of your silence. You did not come here merely to say you intended to ruin my husband, so again I ask—your price?"

There was something very fine in the way the slim, delicate-looking woman defied the sneering man and kept her strength and nerve. Even Paul Carew had to admire it, though it only whetted his appetite for revenge.

"My price, Mrs. Heron," he said, after a little pause. "As you have been clever enough to guess that you can purchase my silence, I will admit that you can; but the price—" he waited, watching her keenly, as a lean, hungry cat watches a palpitating mouse.

"Well—the price?" There was something imperative and commanding in her voice. "All I have—to save my husband's career and an old man from worse than death—" she spoke with heaving breast and flashing eyes.

"Your pride!" his voice rang out triumphantly and he eyed her as a man eyes the conquered slave.

"Yes, Mrs. Heron, I want to humble and cast down that superb, magnificent pride of yours, even as your father humbled and cast down mine. I want to come here when I like—fresh from a thieves' kitchen, may be—and be received as a welcome and honoured guest—to dine with you, lunch with you, drive with you, and be presented to your husband as an old family friend. La, la! I can fancy your father's face when he meets me here—it will be a moment worth living for."

"Sir!" The word broke indignantly from Beatrice. Then she gave way to a sudden burst of tears. She flung herself down in an arm-chair and covered her face with her hands. Hot tears splashed and trickled through her fingers, and Paul Carew watched them fall.

"Oh, yes, cry!" he muttered savagely. "How many tears did my sister shed? Well, Mrs. Heron, that is what you are going to do—accept my terms or order me out of the house? Devil a bit do I care which. Of course, I should be sorry to see my old friend Denzil once more an inmate of Princetown, but then it would be counterbalanced by the scandal that would ensue—yes, yes, I am sure of a rich revenge whichever way you decide; but take your time, my dear lady; I can allow you a full five minutes." He glanced at the handsome French clock on the mantelpiece, and then at the woman now struggling to restrain her sobs.

Beatrice Heron rose to her feet. She was perfectly livid, but she held herself erect, and spoke in clear, decided tones—a calm and resolute woman. "Yes, Paul Carew, I will accept your terms."

## CHAPTER XLI. The Uninvited Guest.

The Herons were giving a small dinner party. The Premier and Mrs. Heron were cooking, Lady Cary and her husband, also Colonel Grimwood and Amy, the latter couple having come up to town for the season. A few more people brought the little party up to twelve.

John Heron had been out all day. He stared hard at Beatrice when he joined her in the drawing-room. "What's the matter, pet?" he asked, coming up and giving her his customary kiss, a habit he never omitted when alone. "You have a strained, weary look on your face. What has my Tris been doing with herself?"

"Nothing, John," she replied, with a touch of irritation; "only I'm tired, and have got a bad headache. Please don't forget round me. I want to be quiet till the people come."

The big, calm man took no notice of her ill-humour, only put his hand soothingly on her brow. "Dear girl, I'm so sorry," he murmured, softly, then seated himself on the sofa by her side, and put her hand on his shoulder. She snuggled up to him with a little sob.

"Say you love me very, very much, John," she whispered. "I want your love so badly to-night."

"I adore you, Tris," he replied, passionately, "and you know it, dear. As he spoke a bell pealed, announcing an early arrival, and a moment or two later Colonel Grimwood and his wife entered the room.

Amy looked very pretty. She had adopted rather a boyish-doll costume, but it suited her style. She wore a wonderful frock, all a froth of lace and chiffon, and her neck and shoulders sparkled with jewels. She ran up to her hostess with a light, affected laugh.

"I know we are fearfully early. Put us down as two country bumpkins who have forgotten the ways of civilised society."

As Beatrice framed a suitable reply the drawing-room door opened, and the butler entered and went up to his mistress. He carried a telegram on a small silver salver.

"Excuse me," murmured Beatrice, tearing open the envelope. "This is to say somebody cannot dine here to-night, I suppose." She read the few words on the thin, flimsy paper, then crunched the telegram up in her hand. Her husband thought she swayed a little as though attacked by sudden giddiness, but before he could reach her side she had turned to the butler.

"Lay another place—an unexpected guest is coming."

The man bent his head, and left the room with the quiet step of the well-trained domestic. As he closed the door Beatrice addressed her husband, and her voice neither faltered nor shook.

"An old friend of father's will be here this evening, John. He has been abroad for years. He bears the same surname as poor Margaret, for his name is Paul Carew."

A little cry interrupted Beatrice at this juncture, and she turned her head in time to see Amy Grimwood falter to the sofa, her face as white as her gown.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

## How and Why You Can Have a Fountain Pen for 2/6.

Selling a first-class Fountain Pen for 2/6 would not be profitable if the profit came alone from the Pen—but every Fountain Pen sold for 2/6 IS AN EVERLASTING ADVERTISEMENT FOR THE "DAILY MIRROR." That is why such an opportunity is afforded you. This "Daily Mirror" Fountain Pen is made to be always good and always ready, so that it is always a silent worker for the "Daily Mirror." Buy one to-day. On sale

AT ALL BOOKSTALLS of Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SONS,

Or Cut Out the Coupon.

SEND SIXPENCE MORE and we will also send you a PEN POCKET CASE. You may purchase the pen at the West End Office for Small Advertisements of the "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond Street, W.

The  
"DAILY MIRROR"  
FOUNTAIN PEN  
in 3 sizes  
of Pen Nibs,  
FINE,  
MEDIUM,  
BROAD.

State Plainly on  
Coupon which  
style you prefer.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON, fill in, and post to  
PEN DEPARTMENT,  
The "Daily Mirror,"  
2, Carnarvon Street, London, E.C.

I enclose P.O. for 2s. 7½d., for which please send  
"D.M." Fountain Pen to

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

N.B.....



# IS FLORENCE MAYBRICK GUILTY?

(Continued from page 1.)

But she made it quite plain that she hated the idea of living with James Maybrick as his wife.

We are not inclined to attach too much importance to Mrs. Maybrick's expression of repugnance. She was unwell, had lain awake the night before, and was in a state of exhaustion, and, we can be sure, of nervous tension. Probably she did not care very much, and perhaps did not know precisely what she said.

But she had another reason for disliking her husband. For some time before the Grand National Mrs. Maybrick had reason to complain of his unkindness and to doubt his fidelity, and again she made the mistake of consulting Mrs. Briggs. At her instance she consulted another friend.

## JAMES MAYBRICK'S INFIDELITIES.

From what she learned she came to believe that James was not denying himself the pleasure of being unfaithful to more women than one on her account. In her position, and with her American-Continental views of life, she was likely enough to resent the fact that there is one law for the man and another for the woman in such cases, although she never gave any hint, except once, that she would take other than a reasonable view of the situation.

At this stage the story becomes a nauseating complication of infidelities on which it would be worse than unprofitable to dwell were it not that we have to discover whether the events of March 29 and 30 afford any evidence of motive. Frankly, we are doubtful if they do.

After showing some disposition to get a separation, Mrs. Maybrick finally made up her mind not to break up the home. Neither because she believed James to be unfaithful nor because she herself had sinned was she prepared to imperil her children's future. If she had had any such inten-

tion, she would have run away with Brierley, or at any rate would have made no effort to hide her fault.

But James Maybrick had wrecked his life's happiness through his habit of taking drugs. There is a great deal to say about the purposes for which he took these drugs, but at present we shall only dwell on one purpose.

## THE ARSENIC HABIT.

These very kind-hearted men are generally kinder to themselves than to anyone else, and James Maybrick was not an exception to the rule. He denied himself no pleasure his purse could stand. In America he had learned to take quinine to prevent recurrent attacks of malaria. Now, quinine taken in such quantities as are usual in malarious countries has an exceedingly depressing effect on the nerves, and amateur doctors usually dose themselves with arsenic and nux-vomica, taken in entirely inexcusable quantities in order to counteract the depression. It was proved at the trial that he was in the habit of taking arsenic in large quantities while he was in America between 1877 and 1880.

But there was another reason in this case. It is well known that nux-vomica is an aphrodisiac, that is to say, that it is a spinal stimulant, which so acts on the brain as to excite the sensual passions. It is frequently held that arsenic has the same quality. At the trial it was shown that Maybrick had a large collection of aphrodisiac prescriptions, which Dr. Hopper destroyed. Maybrick also confessed that he had used other aphrodisiacs, including strychnine. In fact, he appears to have used them so frequently that it is not at all remarkable that he should have complained of numbness, derangement of the liver, "pins and needles," rigor and pains in the head—all premonitory symptoms of the paralysis which usually affects the foolish takers of such drugs. In his private desk at the office a bottle of nux-vomica pills (bought wholesale) was found after his death.

We have spoken of his habit of taking several

## MENTAL HORRORS.

The mental fluctuations of a man who submits his nerves to such treatment must be alarming and abhorrent to any woman of ordinary refinement. At one period of the day he is gay and debonair, witty—if it be in him—carrying all the air of a triumphant lover, and impatient of reluctance or refusal. At another period he will be depressed, a prey to the blackest melancholy, excessively irritable, suspicious, and rather an unpleasant spectacle to the eye.

He will attribute his lack of tone to any but the right cause. His jealousies will be sudden, unfounded, and bitter, and therefore particularly distressing to the woman. The violence and variability of his passion will inspire doubts of his sincerity and permanence. One day the sorry disgusting truth will out, and God help the unhappy woman who ever has to face such a truth. The love that once revealed itself in many sweet complaisances curdles into hatred, the more bitter because the woman feels soiled and degraded. When this or a kindred discovery has been made there is no slight or hope of forgiveness, or of more than a formal reconciliation.

And then that unchallengeable law of nature asserts itself; a man's life is very much what he has made her. There is this law, too: that no man is so contemptible in the eyes of a woman as the man who is trying to win back the love he has lost. Heartbroken, disappointed, and alone: what would a pleasure-loving woman do but search for

felt his love for her to be degrading and distasteful. It is quite clear that she had not simply grown tired of him. It is equally clear, on the other hand, that she loved Alfred Brierley with simple and strong passion, that she was the moving spirit in the intrigue, that she had no intention of giving him up, that she found him cowardly and weak.

It is highly improbable that when she went to London she had any design against Maybrick's life. It is pretty certain that if she had cherished any idea of murder before the Grand National Day she would not have proposed to leave her home. That action was purely impulsive, but the impulse would have been checked had she already formed any other clear design. It was the family tie, the love of her children, that induced her to stay. In such circumstances "the kids" are the chief factor in the situation.

That she had no thought of murder the next morning is equally evident, because her sole desire was still for a separation. Dr. Hopper appears to have found that his difficulty lay with her and not with Mr. Maybrick. In the circumstances, if she had a murderous intent, would she not have feigned a submission that she did not feel instead of boldly telling her husband in the doctor's presence how much she disliked him?

## WAS MURDER INTENDED?

Is it probable that a woman who intended to kill her husband would have gone so far as to consult a solicitor with a view of obtaining a separation? Her words to Mrs. Samuelson were an easily understood outburst of anger. It must be remembered that, however wrongly they may be acting, few women can endure a public reproof. It is always difficult to get a woman to listen even to a private reproof, and when they do listen they have a trick of convincing one that indignation is only another form of virtue.

It is a singular fact that Mrs. Briggs, who

Page 164

1881 Marriage solemnized at the Church in the Parish of St. James's, Westminster, in the County of London. Middlesex

No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession of Father.
324	July 24 1881	James Maybrick Florence Elizabeth Chandler	Full Minor	Bachelor Spinster	Esquire	St. James's Paris	William Maybrick William George Chandler	Gentleman Banker
Married in the Church, according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Established Church, by Licence, or after						by me J. Dyer 10th 4		
This Marriage was solemnized between us,		James Maybrick Florence Elizabeth Chandler		in the Presence of us,		Michael Maybrick Baroness Caroline Erskine Rognes		
I hereby certify that the above is a true Extract from the Register Book of Marriages belonging to the Parish of St. James's, Westminster.								
Witness my Hand		7th Day of July		1904		J. M. Lee STAMP L		

Joseph Thomas, 40, Strand, W.

Gentle

Copy of the certificate of the marriage of James Maybrick and Florence Elizabeth Chandler.

any distraction that would make her forget the sense of desecration? It is not in gaiety that the distracted soul finds its antidote or encounters temptation. There we find the root of the tragedy.

The breach between Florence and James Maybrick could never be healed. She had no intention of abandoning her new, unlawful love. It was certainly no inconsequent inconsistency that made her turn to Brierley. The woman whose temptation is greatest is the woman who has loved deeply and has demanded a full reciprocity for her love, and the time of her temptation is when she is desolate because the idol has fallen.

Why did she not forgive, for she was not of an unforgiving nature? The probability is that she did forgive everything except that which a woman never forgives—neglect. And her passion for Brierley forbade that which alone could have made the reconciliation complete—confession.

## THE LOVER'S COWARDICE.

Mrs. Maybrick's real trouble was about Brierley. It is difficult to characterize this man's conduct temperately. We know certainly that she wrote him two letters which contained statements about himself (he said in one letter) he hoped to show he did not quite deserve. His use of such a phrase is strong presumptive evidence that he did deserve them.

She never disguised the truth from herself. But she reassures her anxious lover and even withdraws the charges she had made against his manliness, on the ground that the two letters which contained them "were written under circumstances which must ever excuse their injustice in your eyes." No, her love was unchecked and unchanged. In her last letter she pleads "in any case please do not leave England until I have seen you once again."

At this point we have to inquire whether the situation before and after the reconciliation suggests that Florence Maybrick had any intention of murdering her husband.

On the one hand, the evidence shows that she

would assuredly have reported any threatening words Mrs. Maybrick might have used if there had been a hint of a threat to report, said nothing on the subject in her evidence at the inquest, in the police court, or at the assizes. The only possible deduction from Mrs. Briggs's really remarkable silence is that however holy Mrs. Maybrick may have spoken against her husband her clear and deliberate intention at the moment was to procure a separation and not to commit murder.

## RESENTMENT INFLAMED DAILY.

It is quite on the cards that the idea of murder entered her head immediately after the reconciliation, but there is no evidence to prove that it did so.

On the other hand, her resentment may have been inflamed daily by the presence of her husband. If she ever formed a design to kill him it was through her lover's cowardice. The fact that she blamed Brierley so bitterly would lead one to assume that she had decided to let things slide as far as her husband was concerned, but to meet him in secret as before.

His determination to go abroad till the autumn may have shown this ardently-passionate woman that he was too weak to be depended on; that he would be an unwilling party to the intrigue; and that her only chance of gratifying her desire for his companionship lay in acquiring freedom.

## DID SHE MEAN MURDER?

It is there, if anywhere, that the motive for murder is to be found.

We shall therefore have to examine the evidence for the purpose of inquiring whether Mrs. Maybrick's conduct in April and May shows that she meant murder.

In other words, when she wrote to Brierley, "in any case, please do not leave England till I have seen you once again," did she mean to tell him that there soon would be no reason why he should leave England at all?

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Sore legs that are swollen or inflamed with the ravages of Eczema can be quickly cured by a gentle application of "Antexema." The unbearable burning and dreadful irritation is instantly stopped by this cooling remedy, which brings rest and sleep to the sufferer, while curing the trouble. "Antexema" is unequalled for any form of skin trouble, from sunburn and insect bites or stings to long-standing cases of Eczema, Acne, or Psoriasis.

Mr. J. S. writes:—"I had eczema in my feet, and 'Antexema' gave me relief at once and stopped the irritation. I am quite cured now."

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is enough to cure many skin troubles, and should find a place in every home. "Antexema" is sold in bottles by Chemists and Stores at 1/11 each, or can be obtained direct post free in plain wrapper for 1/5. Write to-day naming "Daily Mirror," and enclosing stamp, envelope, and resolve (1) Generous Free Trial of "Antexema," (2) Valuable Treatise on Skin Troubles, (3) 250 Testimonials to "Antexema." Address:—"Antexema," St. Cuthbert, London, N.W.

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The Safest Family Medicine



## BOYCOTTED BABIES.

Why Not a Children's Flat  
Paradise in London?

## "CHILDREN DON'T PAY."

Children have no charm for London landlords. This is a negative way of expressing the positive fact that married people with young families, however small, apply in vain for the privilege of living in flats. They might stand a better chance of obtaining permission from farmer Jones to live in tents, or from some sea-lord to live, like troglodytes, in caves.

"Dogs and cats I don't mind. Neither do my tenants. But children I cannot entertain," said a Bloomsbury landlord to a *Mirror* representative.

He did not seem conscious of any harshness in his words. He was only talking business.

"Children don't pay," he added. "Many people refuse a flat with children within sight or sound. The little ones get on their nerves."

"Their nerves may be at fault, but that does not concern me. I must let my flats to the best tenants, and there is no more to say. People who rear families ought not to want to live in flats."

## Children Barred.

The attitude of this Bloomsbury landlord is typical. It applies to flat landlords of all grades, from Bayswater to Aldgate Pump.

"Have you any children?" is always the question. "Cannot let you a flat," is always the answer, if you have.

Another explanation was given by a flat landlord in Kensington. He said there were enough married people without families to keep all the flats in London full the whole year round.

As long as that remained so, children stood a poor chance. He also remarked upon the mischievousness of children, who took a supreme delight in damaging house fittings.

"I had a case once," said this Kensington baby-boycotter, "in which a married couple deceived me. They said they had no children, and I let them a flat. I learned afterwards that they had smuggled a little boy of three in with the furniture."

## An Unusual Boy.

"I tackled them about it and they produced the boy. He was a fine little fellow and became a great chum of mine. But I don't believe there is another like him in a million. And, of course, one boy hardly makes a family."

A good example comes from America, whence many other good things have hailed. The flat refusal to children has long prevailed in New York, notwithstanding President Roosevelt's eulogy of married people who bequeath large families to the State.

But an enterprising firm of builders comes to the rescue with a children's flat paradise. The roof is laid out as a playground and there is a garage for fifty perambulators.

Could not some London firm do likewise? The roofs of the Metropolis have long been neglected. Well-railed they would be safer than the streets.

## NATIONALISING A LAKE.

Effort To Save Ullswater from the  
Speculative Builder.

An effort is being made by the National Trust to secure seven hundred acres on the shores and slopes of Ullswater and dedicate the property to the enjoyment of the public.

Ullswater is a large sheet of water in the Lake District. Included in the land offered is Aira Force, perhaps the most remarkable cascade in the district, and it is agreed that a more exquisite combination of rock and fell and mountain, of meadow and wood and lake, it would be difficult to find.

Already the enterprising builder is casting his eyes upon the possibilities of the place for private residences, and unless the property is purchased the public will be confined to the high roads, and the shores of the lake, the woods, and the crags of Gowbarrow Park will be lost to them.

Twelve thousand pounds is required to nationalise Ullswater, and already "A Stroller," writing to the "Times," has promised £100 if nineteen others will do the same.

A picture of Ullswater Lake appears on page 8.

## GOOD POTATOES SCARCE.

"Good potatoes cannot be got this year, even from Jersey, and the home-grown supply is not only late but very poor. There seems to be a blight on them."

This was what a market salesman told a *Mirror* representative yesterday.

The public are paying about a halfpenny per pound more than usual for potatoes, but the dealers admit that they are not good. The stock has been weakened and exhausted, and no more good potatoes are expected until the crops are gathered from the "Northern Star" variety, seedlings from which brought such enormous prices recently. This may be a matter of three or four years.

## HIDDEN BICYCLES.

"Daily Mirror" Scheme To Pre-  
sent New Machines to Its  
Readers.

The announcement made in these columns yesterday that bicycles would be given away to *Mirror* readers has caused unusual sensation.

We received during the course of yesterday many hundreds of letters asking for further particulars.

We must explain at once that the bicycles will not be split up into their component parts and dropped about various streets, as many of our correspondents seem to think. Each machine will be ready for use and fully fitted up. They will be in charge of representatives, who will hand them over to those claiming them upon the production of a copy of that day's *Daily Mirror*.

Clues as to where the machines are to be found will be published on Thursday morning. The lucky finders will be those who are best able to bring their reasoning powers to bear.

For the time being every man, woman, and child will be transformed into an amateur detective, and those of our readers who can most nearly follow in the footsteps of Sherlock Holmes will, before evening, be the proud possessors of a bicycle.

Only gentlemen's machines will be hidden, but should a lady prove successful in any case the necessary exchange can be made without delay.

Full particulars of the scheme and the localities where the machines will be placed will be published to-morrow morning.

## HIGH WIND AT BISLEY.

Duke of Connaught Visits the Camp  
and Inspects the Canadians.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

THE CAMP, Monday Evening.

The two big events set for decision to-day were the Prince of Wales's and the Alexandra.

In spite of the tricky nature of the wind, which was blowing over the right shoulders of the competitors, some very good shooting was made.

At the 200-yards range five competitors in the Prince of Wales's succeeded in getting all their ten shots into the bulls-eye, and over a score of the contestants obtained the highest possible in the Alexandra.

At the second range, however, the unsteadiness of the wind had a palpable effect, and some poor shooting was the result, although three totals of sixty-eight points were recorded in the course of the afternoon.

Just before one o'clock H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught arrived from London, and made a tour of the encampment.

His Royal Highness visited the Canadian camp and inspected the men representing Canada, New Zealand, and Natal there. The Inspector-General expressed himself as highly pleased with all he saw.

## 30,000 UNEMPLOYED.

Declining London Shipping Causes  
Distress Near the Docks.

It is estimated that there are 30,000 men in want of work in the neighbourhood of the London Docks.

There is more distress in the East End than there has been at any time during the winter, and the prospect of improvement seems remote.

Thousands of men and women are walking the streets homeless and begging for bread.

According to the parochial authorities in the East End, the state of poverty is awful to contemplate. Rents have increased 70 per cent.

In Mile End during the past week they have had more persons on the rates than any week in the depth of winter. The workhouse and infirmary are both full.

As many as 4,000 men stand outside the dock gates in the morning waiting for chance jobs. Over 600 registered men have been discharged from the docks, and over 1,000 labourers from the Victoria Docks.

In addition, the slackness of the shipping has thrown the bargemen out of employment, and they are practically destitute, with hundreds of their craft lying idle.

Much of this terrible distress is attributed to the system of working the Port of London, which is said to be the most expensive and the slowest worked in the kingdom.

The big docks do well, but the smaller ones nearer London are practically empty, and hence the dearth of dock work for the labouring classes.

## KING'S KINDLY SYMPATHY.

After seeing the King on his recent visit to Ireland, a party of servants from Calin Convent returned home in a vehicle which overturned.

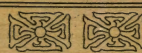
Two were unfortunately killed, and the King has shown his kindly sympathy for Mrs. Mary Phelan, the widow of one, by sending her a donation of £2.

EIFFEL  
TOWER  
LEMONADE

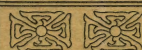
There is no beverage so cooling,  
so refreshing, so health-giving.  
Eiffel Tower Lemonade cools the  
blood and keeps it cool. A 4½d.  
bottle makes 2 gallons of pure  
home-made Lemonade.

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Something  
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A Humorous  
Paper for  
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Just remember the name  
—"PUCK." Tell your  
newsman to send a copy to  
the house on July 29th.  
It will be a revelation in  
colour printing, as nothing  
like it has ever been at-  
tempted before in England.

A PENNY.







## GRAND BATTING BY HAYWARD.

Apart from their captain, however, several of the Gloucestershire batsmen gained a good deal of credit.

The Australian caused the collapse at the commencement, taking four of the first five wickets, and, though at times freely hit, he had the fine analysis of seven for 100.

**5d. per Bottle, sufficient for 1000.**  
**CHIVERS & SONS, Ltd**

patronage of H. M. the King."  
April 30, 1901.

*Grocers' Journal.*

ent to make 2 Gallons.

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